

AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP
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GRIPPING TALES OF SUSPENSE!

**No 108
MAY**

ADVENTURES INTO THE

UNKNOWN

**APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE**



AUTHORITY

IND.

THOSE THINGS
AREN'T TOYS...THEY'RE
ALIVE! THEY'RE
LITTLE MEN!

THEY CREATURES THAT
LIVED...AND PLOTTED
A TERRIBLE EVIL! READ
"THE LITTLE MEN"
...AND BE WARNED!





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He Didn't Even Kiss Me Goodnight!

A DRAMATIZED STORY ABOUT A WIFE WHO WORRIED ABOUT HER HUSBAND



Posed by professional models.

NIGHT after night my husband came home from work all tired out. He was nervous, irritable — and barely touched supper. Most of the time he'd just sit around — then drop into bed, asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow. Often he didn't even kiss me goodnight . . . and yet I knew I had a man who really loved me.

I know a man's tired after a day's work — but my husband was simply "dead on his feet"! You'd think he'd forgotten all about me!

Then one day we saw a Vitasafe ad in a magazine. It told how other men like my husband who had lost their

pep and energy because of a vitamin and mineral deficiency, had increased their vitality and strength through the famous Vitasafe Plan. It offered to send a trial 30-day supply of powerful Vitasafe High-Potency Capsules so we could discover for ourselves whether my husband could be helped.

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This offer is limited to those who have never before taken advantage of this generous trial. Only one trial supply under each plan per family.		
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THESE ARE EXCITING TIMES! EVEN OUR CHILDREN DREAM OF ROCKETS, SATELLITES AND MOON-PROBES AS THEY READ THEIR FUTURE IN THE STARS! BUT WHO KNOWS WHAT DANGERS LIE IN WAIT FOR US IN THE VAST WASTELAND OF SPACE? FOR WHAT FANTASTIC IMAGINATION COULD EVEN CONCEIVE THE AWFUL MENACE OF...

The LITTLE MEN!



STORY:
DEREK
RUTHERFORD
ART:
JOHN
BUSCEMA

OLD GUS KIMMEL HAD BEEN IN CHARGE OF THE TOY DEPARTMENT FOR DECADES! BUT NOW, AS OLD AGE APPROACHED, HE BEGAN TO DEVELOP PECULIAR QUIRKS...

NOW SONNY, YOU DON'T WANT TO WASTE YOUR MONEY ON THOSE NASTY ROCKETS OR RAY GUNS! WHY NOT BUY A NICE KITE OR A TOP INSTEAD?

NOTHING DOING! EITHER YOU SELL ME A RAY GUN OR I GO TO THE OTHER SHOP DOWN THE STREET!

THE STORE MANAGER WAS AWARE OF THE OLD MAN'S STRANGE AVERSION! MORE THAN ONCE, HE TRIED TO SPEAK TO GUS ABOUT IT...

YOU'RE NOT PUSHING THE NEW SPACE-TOY LINE AT ALL! NOW I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT IT, BUT...

I'M GLAD YOU UNDERSTAND, MR. BEAMISH! IMAGINE SELLING ROCKETS, SPACEBOMBS, MISSILES AND RAY GUNS AS TOYS! I TELL YOU, IT'S TAKING ALL THE BEAUTY AND INNOCENCE AWAY FROM CHILDHOOD!

ONE AFTER ANOTHER, GUS DISCOURAGED THE STORE'S YOUNGER PATRONS! WHAT HAPPENED WAS INEVITABLE...

I'M SORRY, KIMMEL... I'VE JUST GOT TO LET YOU GO! IT'S FOR THE GOOD OF THE STORE!

BUT MR. BEAMISH, I'VE WORKED HERE HALF A LIFETIME! WHERE WILL I GO? WHAT WILL I DO?



ALL RIGHT, KIMMEL! IN VIEW OF YOUR SERVICE, I DON'T WANT TO BE UNDULY HARSH! THERE'S A JOB OPEN AS A NIGHT WATCHMAN! THE SALARY WON'T BE MUCH, BUT...

I'LL TAKE IT, MR. BEAMISH... AND **THANK YOU, SIR!**



IT WAS A SEVERE DEMOTION, BUT AT LEAST GUS REMAINED WITH THE STORE! HE COULD SPEND THE TIME BETWEEN ROUNDS IN KEEPING HIS OLD DEPARTMENT SPIC AND SPAN...

THERE NOW, EVERYTHING'S READY! I'VE GOT THE COUNTER ALL SPRUCED UP FOR TOMORROW'S SALE!



BUT THERE WAS STILL ONE CORNER OF THE DEPARTMENT THAT FILLED HIM WITH LOATHING...

TERRIBLE! AN ENTIRE NEW COUNTER TURNED OVER TO THOSE GHASTLY **SPACE** TOYS! I JUST KNOW THAT NO GOOD WILL COME OF THIS!



IT WAS A FEW DAYS LATER THAT IT HAPPENED! ONE STORMY NIGHT, AS GUS WAS MAKING HIS ROUNDS...

THAT **LIGHT!** IT STREAKED IN THROUGH THE TRANSOM OF THE SERVICE ENTRANCE... I'D BETTER GO CHECK ON IT!



THERE'S A GLOW OF SOME KIND IN THE TOY DEPARTMENT! SOMETHING **STRANGE** IS GOING ON IN THERE!



AND THEN HE SAW IT... A SIGHT THAT LEFT HIM MUTE AND TREMBLING...

GLORY BE! **LITTLE MEN!** NO... THEY'RE MORE LIKE TINY REPTILES...



HE WANTED TO REACH OUT, TO TOUCH THEM, BUT A NAMELESS DREAD STAYED HIS HAND! NOW THE CREATURES WERE SPEAKING...

ALL IS WELL, TORG... OUR SHIP CAN REMAIN HERE! IT WILL REMAIN UNNOTICED AMONG THESE CRUDE PLAY-THINGS WHILE WE PROCEED WITH OUR MISSION!

HALF OUR NUMBER WILL PROCEED WITH RAPID SCOUTING OPERATIONS... WHILE THE REST WILL REMAIN HERE AND REPAIR THE DAMAGE TO OUR ROCKET TUBES!



IT WAS THEN THAT GUS MADE A FOOLISH MOVE---

WHATEVER THEY ARE, I'M GOING TO HAVE A CLOSER LOOK AT THEM!

A NATIVE INHABITANT...AND HE'S LEVELING SOME KIND OF RAY AT US!

LIKE A FLASH, THE ALIEN LEADER'S HAND WENT TO HIS BELT---

LET THE EARTH ONE KNOW WE HAVE RAY GUNS TOO!

EEEEYAH! MY HAND!

STUNNED BY THE SEARING PAIN, GUS REELED BACKWARDS---

HE IS DISARMED! LET US DESTROY THE WHOLE AREA---

NO, WE ARE ONLY A SCOUTING PARTY!...OUR ORDERS FORBID HOSTILITIES! WE MUSTN'T GIVE OURSELVES AWAY NOW!

AN INSTANT LATER, AS HE STAGGERED TO HIS FEET---

BURN ME, WILL YOU? I'LL SHOW YOU, YOU BLASTED LITTLE DEMONS!

QUICKLY, ALL OF YOU, TAKE COVER!

BERSERK WITH FURY, THE OLD MAN SEARCHED FOR HIS VANISHED ASSAILANTS---

I'LL FIND THEM...WHOEVER THEY ARE...WHATEVER THEY ARE! AND WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON THEM---

BY MORNING, GUS HAD NOT YET FOUND THE INTRUDERS... BUT THE TOY DEPARTMENT LAY IN RUINS---

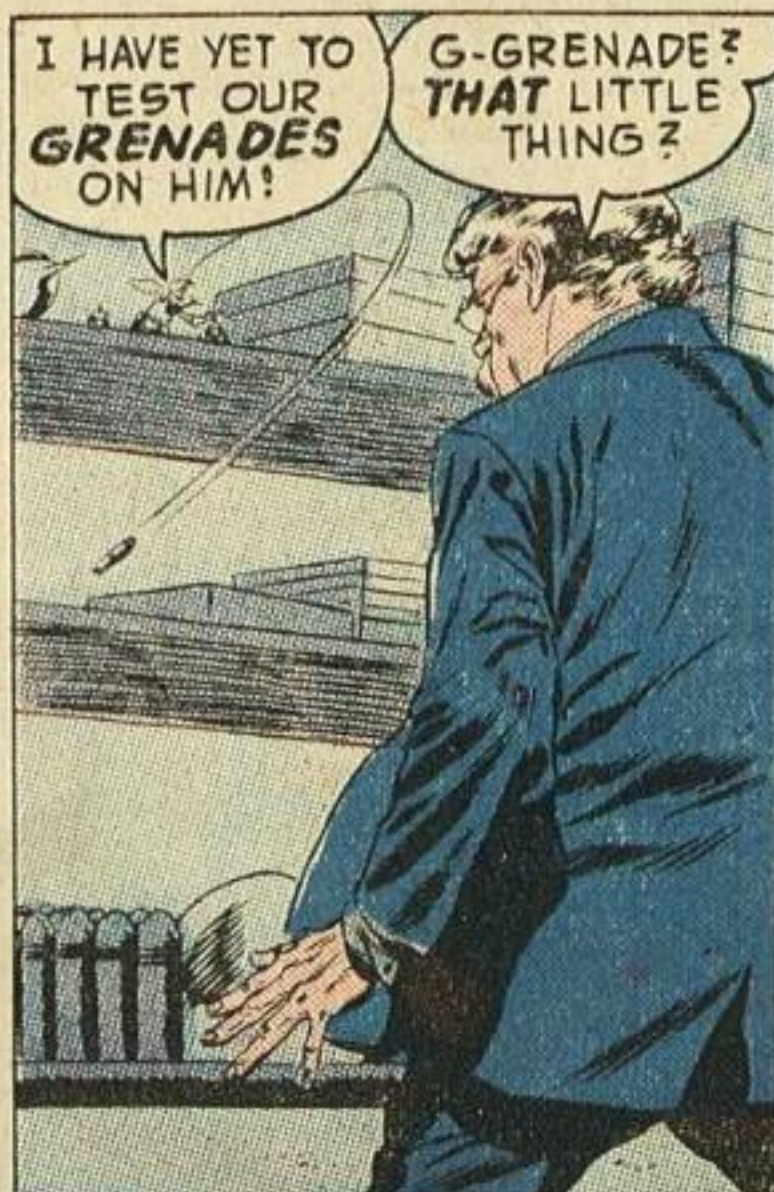
BUT I TELL YOU, I SAW THEM! LITTLE MEN, WITH THE SKINS OF REPTILES! THEIR SCALES GLITTERED, AS IF THEY WERE MADE OF METAL---

COME NOW, KIMMEL, YOU CAN'T ASK ME TO BELIEVE THAT FANTASTIC STORY!

I KNOW YOU DETEST ALL THESE SPACE TOYS, BUT THAT'S NO REASON TO WRECK THIS DISPLAY! THE WHOLE DEPARTMENT IS IN A SHAMBLES!

BUT YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME, MR. BEAM- WRECK THIS DISPLAY! I TELL YOU THOSE LITTLE MEN ARE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE!





(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

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for
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And what a terrific collection this is!—includes Grace Kelly-Prince Rainier Wedding Stamp-of-the-Year from MONACO; the Heroes Stamp from PARAGUAY; the exciting Discus Thrower from SAN MARINO; unusual stamps from many hard-to-get countries . . . French Antarctica, Somalia, Morocco! Grand total of 107 all-different stamps—more than enough to give you a good start on a collection of the world! And you even get the hinges you need—250 of them!

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Send 25¢ with coupon today to get *all* of these items! We will also include—*on approval*—a selection of other stamps. You may buy any of them at Zenith's low prices and return the rest within 10 days. Whether or not you buy any Approvals, the Stamp Collecting Outfit is yours to keep for 25¢. **MAIL COUPON NOW.** If coupon is clipped send 25¢ direct to:

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ZONE . . . STATE . . .

As the strange mist surrounded him, the old man felt his strength melt away!

THE TEST IS COMPLETE! OUR **NERVE GAS** WORKS EFFICIENTLY ON EARTHMEN!

GOOD! WITH THE SUPPLIES OF GAS OUR FLEET CARRIES, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO TAKE OVER THE PLANET RAPIDLY!

HELPLESS ON THE FLOOR, GUS SOMEHOW FOUND THE STRENGTH TO MOVE HIS LIPS...

DEMONS... WHO... WHO ARE YOU?

WE ARE **TRUKS**, RULERS OF ANTARES IV AND CONQUERORS OF OUR STAR SYSTEM!

BESIDE **YOU**, WE ARE SMALL! BUT ALREADY WE HAVE CONQUERED AND ENSLAVED A DOZEN RACES EVEN STRONGER AND GREATER THAN YOU OF **EARTH**!

LYING THERE HELPLESS, THE OLD MAN LISTENED TO THE NIGHTMARE TALE TOLD BY THE INVADER... A TALE OF MERCILESS CONQUEST THAT HAD SWEEPED ACROSS THE STARS!

ANOTHER WORLD RIPE FOR OUR CONQUEST!

WITH THEIR NERVE GAS, THE TRUKS HAD ENSLAVED UNNUMBERED PLANETS...

IT IS GOOD TO SEE HOW THESE **PRIMITIVES** ARE FORCED TO OBEY OUR EVERY COMMAND!

THERE HAD BEEN ATTEMPTS AT SELF-DEFENSE, BUT IN VAIN! THE TRUKS' LIFE FORM WAS BASED ON **PERMALLIUM**... A NEW AND INDESTRUCTIBLE METALLIC COMPOUND...

THE FOOLS! THEY TRY **DISINTEGRATION RAYS** AGAINST US! DON'T THEY KNOW **NOTHING** CAN STOP US?

AND FINALLY... IT WAS **EARTH'S** TURN! WHILE A FLEET OF TRUK STARSHIPS WAITED IN SPACE, A SCOUT CRAFT WAS SENT TO RECONNOITER...

BUT ILL FORTUNE HAD DOGGED THE INVADERS FROM THE VERY START! THEIR SHIP HAD BEEN STRUCK AND DAMAGED BY A SMALL METEORITE...

WE'RE **HIT!** IT'S THE STEERING TUBES... SHE'S FIGHTING THE CONTROLS!

TAKE HER DOWN...WE'VE GOT TO LAND AT ONCE! WE'LL TRY TO FIND SOME UNINHABITED SPOT!



BUT THE DAMAGED SCOUT SHIP WAS CAUGHT IN A VIOLENT STORM...AND FORCED EARTHWARD INTO THE HEART OF A GREAT CITY...

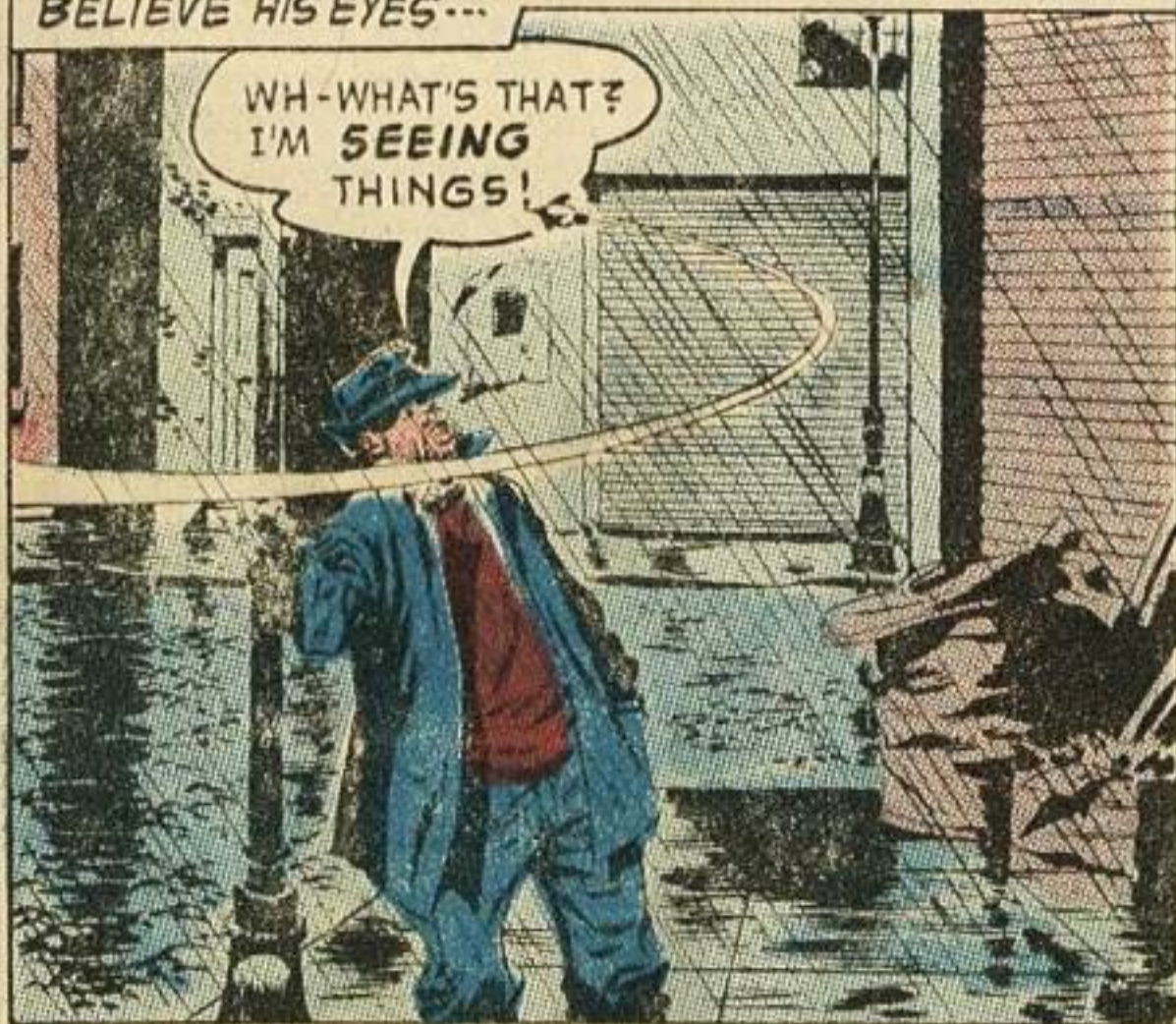
WE CAN'T FIGHT THIS ATMOSPHERIC DISTURBANCE MUCH LONGER, COMMANDER TORG!

QUIET! I'M LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO LAND...



IN THE DRIVING RAIN, THE STREETS WERE EMPTY... EXCEPT FOR A SOLITARY WANDERER WHO COULDN'T BELIEVE HIS EYES...

WH-WHAT'S THAT? I'M **SEEING** THINGS!



IT WAS THEN THAT THEY FLASHED PAST A STORE WINDOW...

COMMANDER TORG, **LOOK!** SPACE SHIPS LIKE OURS...MOORED BEHIND THAT TRANSPARENT BARRIER!

IT **COULD** BE SOME KIND OF SPACE-PORT! WE'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY TO **ENTER!**



WITH THE SHIP ALMOST OUT OF CONTROL, TORG HAD MANAGED TO GUIDE HIS CRAFT THROUGH AN OPEN TRANSOM INTO THE STORE...

SPUTTER!
POP-POP!



HIS HEAD AWHIRL, HIS LIMBS LOCKED IN THE PARALYZING GRIP OF THE NERVE GAS, OLD GUS KIMMEL LISTENED TO THE TALE...

...AND SO IT WAS THAT WE CAME HERE TO **PLANET EARTH!** AND NOW THAT MY SCOUTING MISSION IS OVER, I WILL RETURN TO GUIDE OUR SPACE FLEET EARTHWARD FOR THE **INVASION!**

NO...THIS **CAN'T** BE TRUE! MAYBE I'VE GONE INSANE, AND AM **IMAGINING** IT ALL...

AND YET DEEP IN THAT TIRED OLD BRAIN OF HIS, GUS KNEW IT WAS ALL TOO TRUE...AND THAT SOMETHING MUST BE DONE TO HALT THESE CREATURES...

GOT TO... **WARN** EVERYBODY! CAN'T LET IT HAPPEN...

HE'S GETTING TO HIS FEET, BUT THAT'S **IMPOSSIBLE!** HE SHOULD BE UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE NERVE GAS!





MINUTES LATER, THE STORE SWARMED WITH POLICE! OF COURSE, THEY HAD TO SUMMON THE MANAGER...

I'M SORRY, MR. BEAMISH, BUT THERE'S NOTHING WE COULD DO FOR HIM! IT WAS A HEART ATTACK...THE END MUST HAVE COME QUICKLY!

POOR OLD GUS! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT MADE HIM COME DOWN TO WORK ...I'D TOLD HIM TO TAKE A REST! HE'D BEEN HAVING **HALLUCINATIONS**... CLAIMED HE WAS SEEING **LITTLE MEN!**



NEXT MORNING...

OH, MR. BEAMISH, THESE LITTLE **SPACE MEN MODELS** MUST HAVE BEEN DOUSED WITH WATER WHEN GUS KNOCKED DOWN THAT FIRE BUCKET! THEY'RE COVERED WITH **RUST!**

NM! DIDN'T KNOW WE CARRIED ANY ITEMS LIKE THOSE IN OUR INVENTORY! ANYWAY, THEY'RE WORTHLESS NOW! MIGHT AS WELL THROW THEM ON THE TRASH HEAP!



AND SO THE TRUK INVADERS FOUND THEIR DESTINY... IN A TRASH BARREL OF A FIVE AND DIME STORE!



AND FAR OUT IN SPACE, AS A GREAT SPACE-FLEET CIRCLED RESTLESSLY...

THE DEADLINE IS PAST! TORG AND THE SCOUT SHIP SHOULD HAVE RETURNED LONG AGO!

THERE IS ONLY ONE THING THAT COULD HAVE KEPT TORG FROM RETURNING...



THE EARTHMEN MUST HAVE WIPED OUT THE SCOUTING PARTY TO A MAN!

THAT CAN ONLY MEAN THAT OUR WEAPONS ARE **USELESS** AGAINST THE PEOPLE OF THIS PLANET! WE MAY AS WELL **HEAD FOR HOME!**



BELOW, THE EARTH MOVED IN ITS UNEVENTFUL COURSE! IN THE PARKS AND PLAYGROUNDS, CHILDREN WENT ABOUT THEIR GAMES IN ALL THE SWEET INNOCENCE OF CHILDHOOD... UNAWARE OF THE DANGER THAT HAD COME AND GONE!



Get Rid of UGLY PIMPLES this new easy way!

Amazing new medicated lotion developed by a doctor works wonders by clearing up complexion in one week or less!

DON'T let a bad complexion ruin romance, spoil your fun, cause you to be embarrassed, shy or ashamed. If you suffer from acne, the common external cause of pimples among young people, try this wonderfully effective medicated lotion that was developed by a practicing physician to clear up his own teen ager's complexion after other methods had failed. It has produced astonishing results for many thousands of others. It is **GUARANTEED** to help you or it won't cost you a single cent!

Doesn't Show On Your Face

Keraplex is a skin-colored lotion (NOT a greasy salve or ointment!) that is quickly absorbed by the skin and gets right down in the pores where its healing and antiseptic ingredients can go to work. After you have applied it, there is no trace left on the surface. In fact, it makes a perfect powder base for girls and a refreshing after shaving lotion for men... actually improves the tone of the skin! It is pleasant and easy to use — leaving your skin soft, clean and fragrant.

Works in SIX Out of SEVEN Cases!

An analysis of **RESULTS** taken from actual case histories proves that Keraplex is successful in clearing up 6 of every 7 cases of externally caused pimples and blackheads. It tones up the complexion, giving it a healthy, radiant glow. And men — if you suffer from pimples on shoulders and back, Keraplex does an amazingly effective job of clearing them up **FAST** — without soiling clothes, without messiness or greasiness!

Try This New Method Without Risking A Penny!

Keraplex is **GUARANTEED** to clear up your skin troubles or there will be **NO COST** to you whatsoever. If yours happens to be the **ONE** extra-stubborn case out of seven which Keraplex cannot help in one short week, it will cost you nothing to have tried it. Keraplex is sent to you with that simple, positive **GUARANTEE**!

SEND NO MONEY

You need send no money with the coupon below. When postman delivers your Keraplex lotion (in plain wrapper marked "Personal"), deposit with him only the modest price indicated below, plus a few cents postage. Then use your Keraplex morning and night for a full week, following the simple directions which will be enclosed.

If you do not **SEE RESULTS** that delight you — if you are not fully convinced that Keraplex **IS** clearing up your complexion — just return the empty bottle or unused portion and the purchase price will be refunded in full. Don't delay a single day. The longer you let your skin troubles go, the more difficult it will be to clear them up and get your complexion back to a healthy, clear, unblemished condition! Clip and mail the coupon **TODAY**. Underwood Laboratories, Inc., Stratford, Conn.



BEFORE

This young man suffered from a severe case of acne for years and tried all the usual "remedies" without success.



AFTER

Same young man after using **KERAPLEX** twice a day for just one week. Notice the decided improvement — pimples completely gone!



BEFORE

Note more than a dozen blemishes on just one side of this girl's face before **KERAPLEX** was applied.



AFTER

Same girl had used **KERAPLEX** twice a day for only 5 days when above photo was taken. Note the amazing improvement.

WHAT USERS SAY:

"I was suffering from a severe case of acne... and with only 4 days' treatment with Keraplex... was completely relieved." — P. S.

"I have been completely satisfied with your lotion to help clear up the pimples on my face."

—K. W.

"I have used Keraplex and for the first time in my life my pimples are clearing up in good shape. I can't thank you enough!" — E. S.

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Yes! I want to try Keraplex **ON APPROVAL**. Send size checked below in plain wrapper marked "personal." When it is delivered I will deposit with postman amount indicated below, plus postage. If not delighted with the **RESULTS**, I will return empty bottle within seven days for a full refund of the purchase price.

☐ Regular Size, \$1.98

☐ Double Quantity (Two Bottles), \$3.50

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Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ **SAVE POSTAGE.** Check here if you **ENCLOSE** payment, in which case we pay postage. Same money-back Guarantee applies!

Payment must be sent with orders going to A.P.O.'s, Canada and foreign countries, due to postal rules.



For the last couple of months or so, we've started this readers' section of 'Adventures Into The Unknown' with a short biography of one of our writers or artists. But suddenly a terrible thought has struck us. Suppose you folks out there aren't interested in the people that make this magazine! That could be—it might be just their products you go for, and not their personalities. Well, we're going to leave that up to you. If you go for this personalized treatment, write in and tell us so. If you're against it, register your objections. While you're at it, tell us what you like or don't like about our efforts. Address your letter to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown", 347 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. We'll print your letter if space allows—just as we've printed those below!

"Dear Editor:—

I just finished reading your 104th issue of 'Adventures Into The Unknown', and it was great. 'The Strange Old Camera' was wonderful. It was one of the most fantastic stories I've ever read. 'Mr. Hobbs' Vacation' was pretty good. 'Voyage Into Nowhere' was different and was really fine. I've been reading your magazine for a long time. You've had a few flops, but most of your stories were great. Congratulations—and keep up the good work!

—Bud Leech, Philadelphia, Pa."

Yes, we've had our share of flops, and some of them were lusus. But we like to feel that we learn from each one and keep improving!

"Dear Editor:—

I've just started reading 'Adventures Into The Unknown', and I think that it's tops. But in issue No. 102, I thought that 'A Matter of Luck' was a flop. 'The Benefactor' and 'Trail Of The Mummy' were good. In issue No. 103, all the stories were great. I liked 'The Captain's Secret' best. In issue No. 104, 'The Strange Old Camera' started wrong, I think. I liked 'Voyage Into Nowhere'. It's the best story I've read yet. All in all, you're doing swell!

—Bruce Kimble, Rochester, N. Y."

This business of criticism of stories is a matter of opinion, of course. What's one man's peach is another man's poison. We've got our own opinions of the various stories we run, Bruce—care to compare them? Okay! "A Matter of Luck" is one of the most skillfully constructed, intriguing stories we've ever carried—a story with a real twist to it. "The Benefactor" was a nothing, and "Trail Of The Mummy", though good enough, represented a fairly familiar plot. In issue No. 103, "Reggie Rides a Rocket" was the standout—a kidding of solemn science fiction that packed laughs together

with its thrills. "The Strange Old Camera", in our estimation, had the only beginning it could have had, in view of its plot. But remember—we can be wrong and you can be right about these things!

"Dear Editor:—

Though this is the first time I've written to tell you what I think of your superlative publications 'Adventures Into The Unknown' and 'Forbidden Worlds', I've been a reader of your magazines almost from the beginning. You recently reached the ultimate in perfection by having your artists and writers sign their names to the stories. How about trying a variety of artists and writers in your magazines and having the readers write in, saying whom they like and dislike? Your 'Let's Talk It Over' department is wonderful, since it gives readers the chance to voice their opinions. Keep up your meritorious work and you'll always remain America's supreme supernatural magazine.

—David Kravitz, Brooklyn, N. Y."

Thanks for your welcome words, David. We try hard—and we'll keep trying!

"Dear Editor:—

I've just recently started reading 'Adventures Into The Unknown' and would like to comment on some of your stories. I think that 'I Investigate The Unknown' was one of the best I've ever read. I also liked 'Reggie Rides A Rocket', 'The Strange Old Camera' and 'Voyage Into Nowhere'. I am sorry to say that I did not like the remark that Mike Kalkstein made in the July issue. He did not have to be so superior.

—Vera Valenta, Long Island City, N. Y."

Welcome aboard, new reader! We know just what you objected to in Mike's letter, "I really like your magazine, even if I am intelligent." We gave him a bawling-out for that one, too—but we think he's a nice guy anyway. Incidentally, you should hear what some of our other readers say about letters they object to—they're ready to rip the writers apart! You're a real lady by comparison.

"Dear Editor:—

Lately, you have been running a lot of run-of-the-mill stories, such as 'The Strange Old Camera', which was merely a new twist added to an old plot. Also, in Issue No. 104, 'Mr. Hobbs' Vacation' was the same idea as 'A Day In The Life of Tommy Trent', with a new character. 'Voyage Into Nowhere', on the other hand, was an entirely new idea in stories, in my opinion. I can admit very easily that you print by far the finest stories on the whole, far bet-

ter than any of your competitors. '——' (title of competitor) prints the most childish stories I have ever read—I don't see how they have the nerve to print such trash. Your writers print stories that have quality and genuinely good plots. I say again that 'Adventures Into The Unknown' is the finest comic by far on the newsstands today. A satisfied reader—

—Donald Hagen, Seattle, Wash."

You've said some nice things, Donald, and we thank you for them. We do disagree, however, with what you say about "The Strange Old Camera", which most emphatically wasn't an old plot, but fresh and new. You were right about "Mr. Hobbs' Vacation"—it had the same type of plot as our earlier "Tommy Trent" and you deserve credit for noting this—it had slipped by us. And now that we recollect it, "Tommy" was a better story, too! We agree with you about the low quality of the stories printed in the competitive publications you mentioned, but we couldn't print the name of this line, for obvious reasons!

"Dear Editor:—

I'm in the British Royal Navy, and in the course of my travels recently, I came across a number of 'Adventures Into The Unknown' magazines. I'd like to take this opportunity to congratulate you on a really great comic. It's a nice change to read something that goes in for fascinating stories rather than crude horror. Keep it up!

—L. Debona, Chatham, Kent, Eng."

We've noticed, and gladly, that we're gaining a large British readership. We stress challenging plot, Mr. Debona—and most folks seem to prefer it to the repetitive horror stuff.

"Dear Editor:—

I'm the co-president of a tape recording club designed for young people. The aim of our organization is to promote science interests among juveniles. Back in the August issue of 'Adventures Into The Unknown', you carried a story titled 'Missing—One Scientist', that brought out this nation's great need for scientists. We believe that we have part of the answer on how to interest young people in science. The Aurora Science Tape Society, our organization, has four facilities that we offer members: (1) A tape-response service; (2) A library of tapes on scientific subjects; (3) A library of recorded sound effects; (4) A question and answer service. All facilities and membership are free. If I may, I would like to tell the readers of 'Adventures Into The Unknown' about our tape club. There are undoubtedly many readers who own or have access to a tape recorder. Anyone interested in joining may write either Ray Potterf, Box 311, Colby, Kansas, or Linda McCloskey, Box 91, Sierra Madre, California. Our club is run by teen-agers entirely. Our group has been mentioned in many national magazines. I think your publication represents

a whole new concept in comic publication. The intelligence shown by letters of your readers is remarkable. As you say, whether they have bouquets or brickbats to throw, they all know exactly what they want in 'Adventures Into The Unknown'.

—Walt R. Sheasby, Jr., Sierre Madre, Calif."

Sounds like a fascinating sort of club to us! Any of you readers who want to write in can use the addresses contained in the body of this letter.

"Dear Editor:—

You people do an excellent job on 'Adventures Into The Unknown', and in Dec., No. 103, 'Beast Of The Unknown' was great, as were 'The Search', 'The Strange Stone' and 'The Captain's Secret'. But 'Reggie Rides A Rocket' was silly and ridiculous and I don't see how such intelligent writers of good stories can produce such rubbish. It wasn't science fiction, but utter nonsense. But that was only one small exception to that great magazine of yours. I also think that your idea of biographical sketches of your writers and artists is wonderful.

—Don Lowry, Savannah, Tenn."

Looks like poor Reggie is taking quite a beating from readers like Don! Well, our head is bloody but unbowed on this one. What's wrong with a few good laughs to punctuate the excitement? Never mind, Reggie—we love you!

"Dear Editor:—

I thoroughly enjoyed the No. 104 issue of 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. 'Voyage Into Nowhere' is possibly the best story of this type I have ever read. I was actually on the edge of my seat and my spine felt like ginger ale. I enjoyed the other stories, also!

—Winky Yoder, Telford, Penna."

We'd like to point something out, readers. Here's a story that kept this reader enthralled and thrilled—and there wasn't a monster in the whole thing! It was done with tense, suspenseful plot, rather than horrible faces.

"Dear Editor:

In answer to reader Garry Brewer's recent letter, I have a surprise for him. I have the issues of 'Adventures Into The Unknown' which contain the stories 'Pipe Dream' and 'I Keep Dreaming Of Grandpa'. I'd be happy to loan them to a fellow reader. As for myself, I'd like to get a pen pal to write to in Europe—Great Britain, if possible. I think Ian Shaffer would be perfect—please contact me, Ian! A lifetime reader—

—Robert Hays, 196 Clinton Ave.,
Brooklyn 5, N. Y.

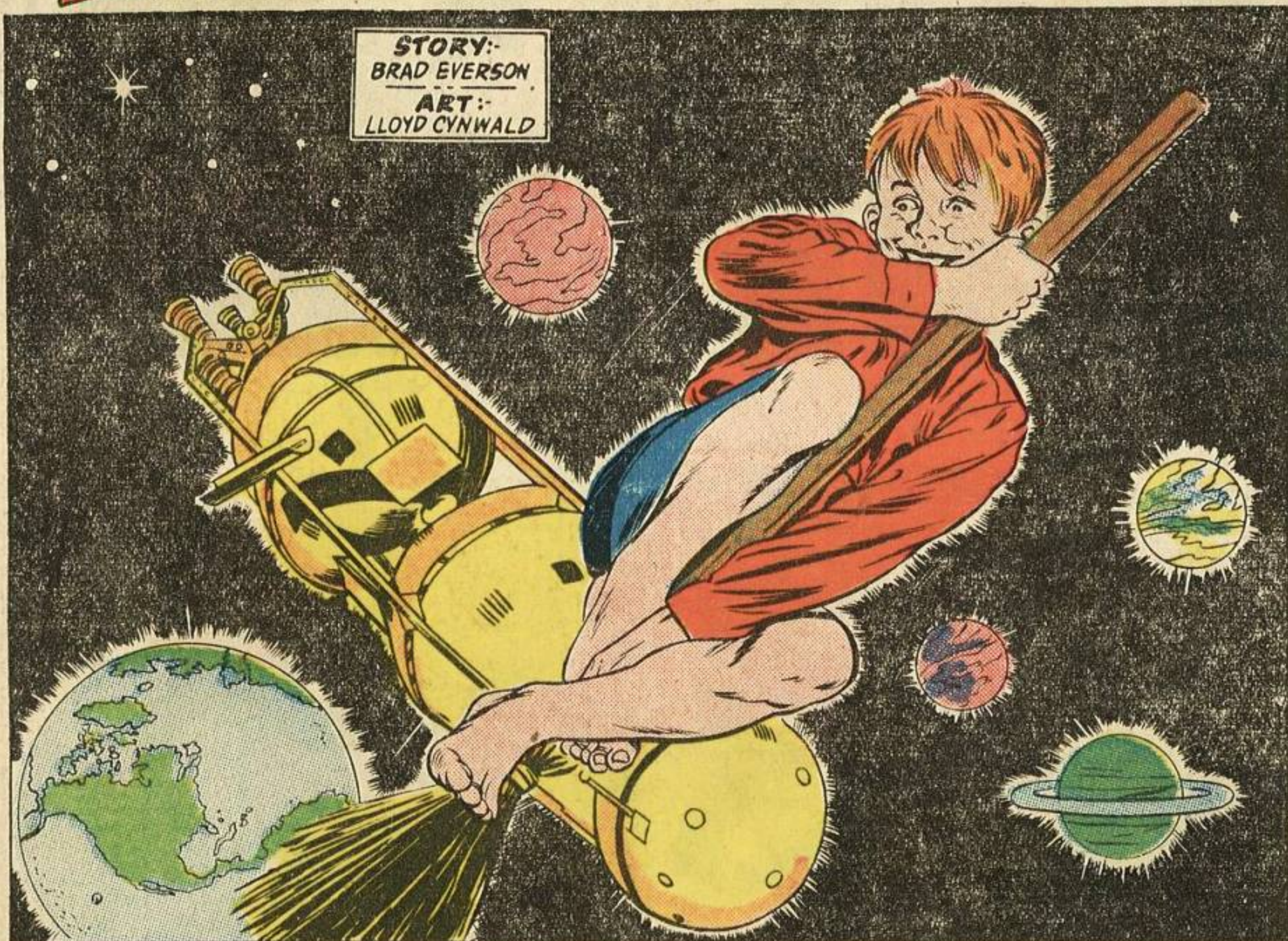
Nice of you to offer those issues to Garry, Robert. Hope you get your pen pal!

FROM THE DAYS OF HIS EARLY CHILDHOOD, THE TOWN OF APPLENOCK HAD KNOWN ARCHIE AS A DULL AND BACKWARD LAD! WHAT FUTURE COULD THERE BE FOR THIS SIMPLE-MINDED BOY IN THE WORLD OF TOMORROW, HIS NEIGHBORS ASKED! HOW WAS ANYONE TO SUSPECT...

The HIDDEN TALENTS of ARCHIE WORPLE!

STORY:-
BRAD EVERSON

ART:-
LLOYD CYNWALD



THE GOVERNMENT HAD ESTABLISHED A ROCKET TEST SITE AT APPLENOCK...WHICH DELIGHTED THE OFFICIALS OF THE LOCAL HIGH SCHOOL...

JUST **THINK** OF IT, WALDO...EACH OF THESE NEW PUPILS IS THE CHILD OF AN ENGINEER, A SCIENTIST OR AN ARMY OFFICER! EVERY ONE OF THEM IS A POTENTIAL **GENIUS!**

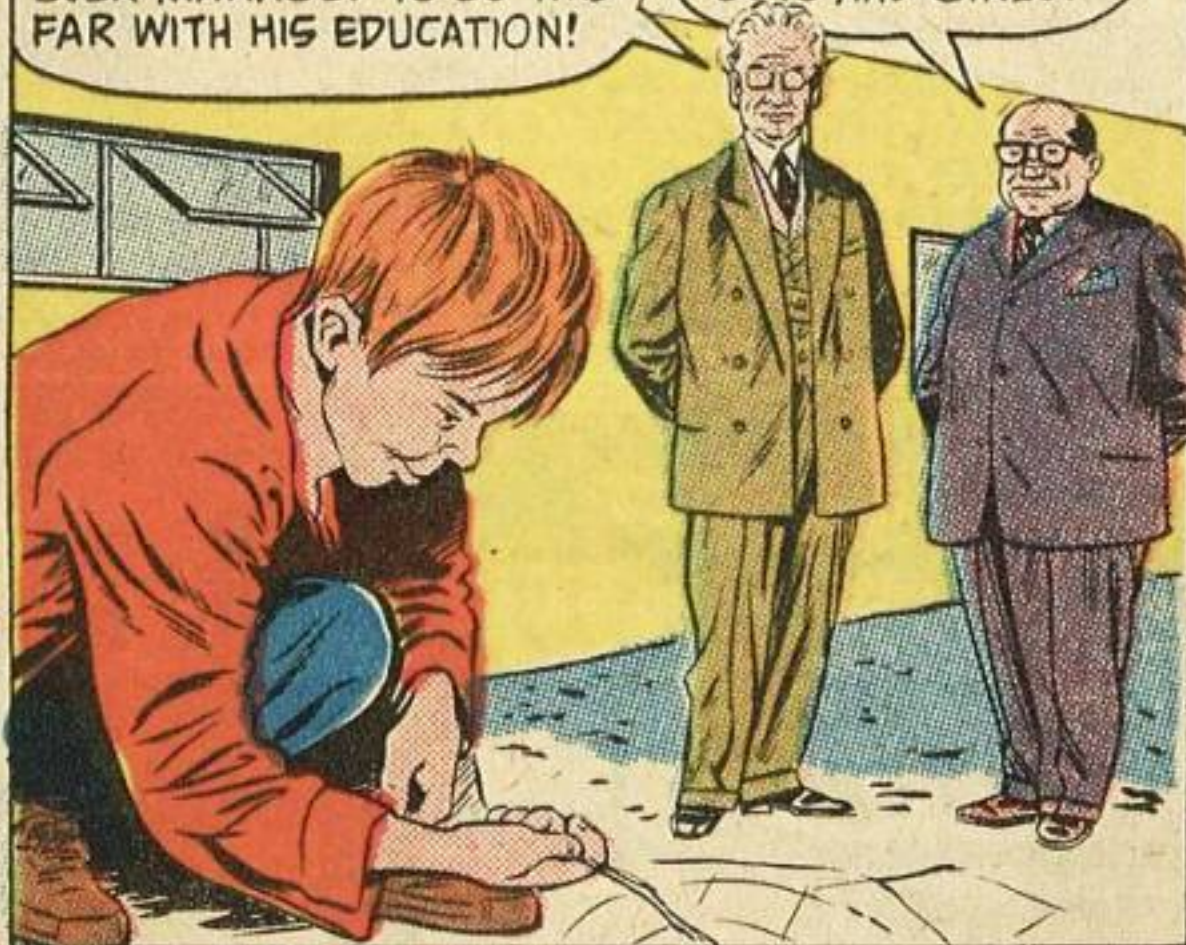
AH, YES! THEIRS IS THE SCIENTIFIC HERITAGE THAT WILL GUIDE MEN TO THE **STARS** ONE DAY!



AND YET THERE WAS ONE FLY IN THE OINTMENT...

THAT WORPLE BOY! I TELL YOU, WALDO, I DON'T KNOW HOW THAT SIMPLETON EVER MANAGED TO GO THIS FAR WITH HIS EDUCATION!

I DON'T SEE HOW WE CAN LET HIM MINGLE WITH NORMAL OTHER BOYS AND GIRLS!



TO THE NEW PUPILS AT APPLENOCK, ARCHIE WORPLE WAS NO MORE THAN AN AMUSING BUFFOON...



DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE DOING YOUR GEOMETRY HOME-WORK, ARCHIE?

SHUCKS, NO! THAT THERE'S A HEX SIGN I USED TO SEE OLD GRANDMA MAKE!

A HEX SIGN? SAY, IS THAT RUBE TRYING TO KID US?



NO! HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ABOUT THE WORPLES? THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DESCENDANTS OF THE OLD SALEM WITCHES!

SEVERAL OF HIS ANCESTORS WERE CONDEMNED AS SORCERERS! EVER SINCE THEN, THE WORPLES HAVE BEEN OUTCASTS IN THIS COMMUNITY!

WELL, NOW I'VE HEARD EVERY-THING!



YES, THE WORPLES WERE A WEIRD LOT AND THE WEIRD-EST OF THEM WAS YOUNG ARCHIE! EACH MORNING, AS THE OTHER YOUNGSTERS DROVE TO SCHOOL, THEY WOULD PASS HIM ON THE HIGHWAY...



THERE'S ARCHIE RIDING THAT BROOMSTICK AGAIN!

I GUESS THE POOR SIMPLETON THINKS HE'S ON A HORSE!



BETTER HURRY IT UP, ARCHIE! AT THAT RATE, YOU WON'T GET TO SCHOOL BEFORE LUNCH HOUR!

AW, GOLLY! I AIN'T GOT NO CAR SO I HAVE TO USE OLD GRANDMA'S BROOM-STICK--- BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN LATE FOR SCHOOL YET!

YES, ALTHOUGH THEY LEFT HIM MILES BEHIND, SOMEHOW THEY WOULD FIND ARCHIE HAD ARRIVED AT SCHOOL AHEAD OF THEM!



BUT HOW DID HE GET HERE SO FAST? THAT ARCHIE CAN REALLY PICK THEM UP AND LAY THEM DOWN!

AW, HE PROBABLY KNOWS A SHORT-CUT!

BUT THOUGH THEY TOLERATED ARCHIE, THEY NEVER PERMITTED HIM TO JOIN IN THEIR GAMES AND SPORTS!

AW, HECK! I KNOW I'D UNDERSTAND THAT THERE GAME IF YOU FELLERS ONLY WOULD EXPLAIN IT TO ME!

SORRY, ARCHIE, BY THE TIME WE GOT YOU TO UNDERSTAND, THE BASEBALL SEASON WOULD BE OVER!



AND THEN CAME THE TIME WHEN THE BOYS OF ARCHIE'S CLASS DECIDED TO ORGANIZE A NEW CLUB...

A ROCKET CLUB! HEY, THAT'S A CRACKERJACK IDEA! WE COULD DESIGN AND BUILD MISSILES JUST LIKE THEY DO AT THE BASE!

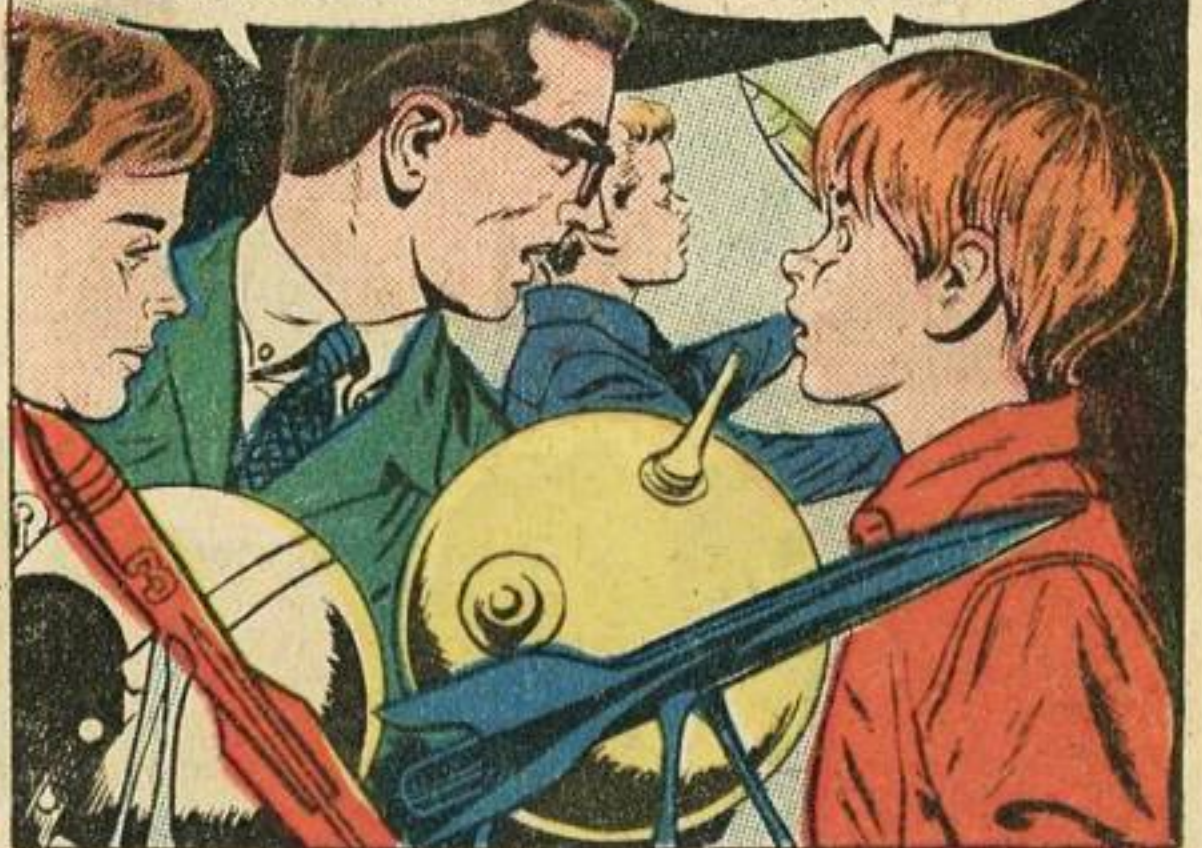
I SPOKE TO THE PHYSICS TEACHER! HE'S GOING TO BE THE FACULTY ADVISOR!



BUT WHEN ARCHIE TRIED TO JOIN THE NEW CLUB...

I AM SORRY, ARCHIE, YOU JUST DON'T KNOW ENOUGH MATHEMATICS TO JOIN THIS ORGANIZATION!

I DO TOO! I KNOW MY MULTIPLICATION TABLE BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS, I DO!



AS THE CLUB MEMBERS TESTED THEIR FIRST MODELS, ARCHIE WATCHED ENVIOUSLY!

GORSCH! THAT LOOKS LIKE REAL FUN!



IF YOU FELLERS WON'T LET ME JOIN YOUR CLUB, I'M GONNA ORGANIZE MY OWN CLUB! YOU'LL SEE!

HIS OWN ROCKET CLUB! HA, HA!

OH, BROTHER!



IT WAS IN THE SPRING THAT THEY ANNOUNCED THE BIG CONTEST...

ALL STUDENTS, HEY! I GUESS THAT MEANS ME TOO!

ROCKET LAUNCHING COMPETITION
THIS SATURDAY AT NOON
ATHLETIC FIELD
ALL STUDENTS ELLIGIBLE



MEANWHILE, THE ROCKET SCIENTISTS AT THE GOVERNMENT TEST SITE WEREN'T HAVING VERY GOOD LUCK...

THERE GOES ANOTHER ONE OFF COURSE!

THAT'S THE THIRD FAILURE THIS MONTH!



THREE MISFIRES IN THIRTY DAYS! EVEN THE KIDS AT THE HIGH SCHOOL ROCKET CLUB HAVE A BETTER RECORD THAN THAT!

YOU'RE RIGHT! THOSE YOUNGSTERS ARE REALLY GOING PLACES, FROM WHAT I HEAR!





MY BOY TELLS ME THEY'VE BEEN FOOLING AROUND WITH A NEW FUEL FORMULA...IT HAS AN ALCOHOL BASE! IT'S GIVING THEM A BIT OF TROUBLE...

FUEL...THAT'S OUR BIG HEAD-ACHE TOO! IT'S THE ONE PROBLEM WE CAN'T SEEM TO LICK!



THERE IT IS! THE MOST ADVANCED ROCKET DESIGN IN THE WORLD... BUT WE CAN'T FIGURE OUT A REALLY RELIABLE FUEL TO TAKE HER OUT INTO SPACE!

WE NEED MORE THAN JUST A FUEL! WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR IS SOME REVOLUTIONARY SOURCE OF POWER THAT WILL TAKE MANKIND TO THE STARS!



THAT WEEK-END, THE KID CONTEST GOT UNDER WAY AT THE APPLENOCK ATHLETIC FIELD---

THEY MAY BE JUST MODEL ROCKETS, BUT THEY'RE DOING FINE!

THE SCIENTISTS AND OFFICERS OF THE ROCKET BASE WERE THE GUESTS OF HONOR! AS ROCKET AFTER ROCKET BLASTED OFF, THEY COULD NOT CONCEAL THEIR AMAZE-MENT!



IMAGINE THOSE KIDS FIGURING OUT A THREE STAGE ROCKET!

I HAD A REAL CLOSE LOOK AT IT BEFORE IT WAS LAUNCHED! FANTASTICALLY GOOD DESIGN!



AS THE CONTEST DREW TO A CLOSE, THE OFFICIALS COMPARED NOTES---

FIFTY-FIVE HUNDRED FEET...A MILE STRAIGHT UP...THAT'S OUR LIMIT, DAD! IF ONLY WE HAD A NEW SOURCE OF POWER...SOMETHING REALLY REVOLUTIONARY!

THAT'S OUR BIG PROBLEM TOO, SON!



IT WAS THEN THAT A RAGGED FIGURE CAME GALLOPING ACROSS THE FIELD!

HEY, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, WHAT'S THAT?

THAT'S ARCHIE WORPLE...BUT WHAT'S HE CARRYING UNDER HIS ARM?



A MOMENT LATER, ARCHIE STOOD BEFORE THE CONTEST OFFICIALS---

YESSIR! IT'S MY ROCKET! I'M ENTERING IT IN THIS HERE CONTEST!

GREAT HEAVENS! DOES THE BOY REALLY EXPECT IT TO FLY? WHY, IT'S PUT TOGETHER WITH OLD TIN CANS AND BALING WIRE!

AS THEY EXAMINED ARCHIE'S ENTRY, THE OFFICIALS COULD SCARCELY CONCEAL THEIR AMUSEMENT...

WHY, YOUR ROCKET IS EMPTY! NOT EVEN A FUEL CHAMBER INSIDE IT! HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET HER OFF WITHOUT FUEL, ARCHIE?

AW, GOLLY! THIS ROCKET IS A SPECIAL DESIGN! IT DOESN'T NEED ANY FUEL, MISTER!

A ROCKET WITHOUT FUEL! HA, HA! OH, THIS IS RICH!

I KNOW IT LOOKS KIND OF FUNNY, BUT WAIT'LL I TIE GRANDMA'S OLD BROOMSTICK ON! IT'LL LOOK MORE LIKE A ROCKET THEN!

AND THEN, ABRUPTLY, THE LAUGHTER DIED IN THEIR THROATS! THERE WAS A DEADLY SERIOUS LOOK IN ARCHIE'S FACE. SUDDENLY, THE JOKE WASN'T FUNNY ANYMORE!

THE POOR KID! HE REALLY THINKS THAT MESS OF JUNK IS GOING TO BLAST OFF!

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT WAS SOMETHING NONE OF THEM WOULD EVER FORGET...

ROCKET FLY SOAR ON HIGH PIERCE THE SKY!

GOOD GRIEF! THIS IS FANTASTIC! WHY, THAT KID IS ACTUALLY CHANTING A SPELL!

AND THEN, BEFORE THEIR UNBELIEVING EYES, THE UNBELIEVABLE HAPPENED!

GREAT DAY! IT'S ACTUALLY LEAVING THE GROUND! IT'S TAKING OFF!

WHOOOOOSH!

MEANWHILE, OUT ON THE TEST SITE, THERE WAS A SUDDEN FLURRY OF EXCITEMENT AMONG THE TECHNICIANS IN THE LAUNCHING BUNKERS!

SAY, MAX, TAKE A LOOK AT THAT RADAR TRACKING SCREEN!

HEY, WHAT GOES ON HERE?

THE SUDDEN BLIP ON THE SCREEN PUZZLED THEM...

IT CAN'T BE A ROCKET! WE HAVEN'T LAUNCHED ANY! IT MUST BE A PLANE!

A PLANE AT THAT HEIGHT? THAT THING IS FORTY MILES STRAIGHT UP AND PICKING UP SPEED EVERY SECOND!

EYES BULGING, THEY WATCHED THE LUMINOUS PANEL BEFORE THEM...

TWO THOUSAND MILES OUT IN SPACE ---AND THERE SHE GOES **RIGHT OFF OUR SCREEN!**

I JUST GOT THE FIGURES FROM OUR CALCULATORS! WHAT-EVER IT WAS, IT WAS APPROACHING THE SPEED OF LIGHT WHEN WE LOST IT!

LATER THAT AFTERNOON, THEY HELD A CONFERENCE AT THE BASE---PRESENT WERE THE FINEST ENGINEERS AND PHYSICISTS IN THE WORLD! ALSO PRESENT WAS ARCHIE WORPLE!

BUT ARCHIE, TRY TO REMEMBER! WHAT KIND OF WOOD WAS THAT STICK MADE OF? WHERE DID YOU GET IT?

HECK, THAT OLD BROOMSTICK'S BEEN IN MY FAMILY FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS!

ARCHIE, THINK! ARE THERE OTHER STICKS LIKE THAT IN YOUR HOUSE?

NAW! USED TO BE, BUT GRANDMA BURNED THEM FOR FIREWOOD LAST WINTER! THE ONE I USED TODAY WAS THE LAST ONE WE HAD LEFT!

MONTHS HAVE PASSED NOW, AND EXCITEMENT HAS DIED DOWN IN APPLENOCK! BUT WHENEVER THE SCIENTISTS OF THE ROCKET BASE SEE ARCHIE, THEY PAUSE TO GAZE AT HIM WITH PUZZLED WONDER!

A BROOM-STICK! I'D NEVER BELIEVE IT IF I HADN'T SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES!

CALL IT MAGIC OR WITCH-CRAFT, BUT IT WAS A NEW, REVOLUTIONARY SOURCE OF POWER THAT COULD HAVE LIFTED MANKIND TO THE STARS! AND NOW IT'S GONE FOREVER!

YES, IT WAS A GREAT LOSS TO MANKIND ---BUT NO ONE COULD REGRET IT MORE THAN ARCHIE WORPLE HIMSELF!

A TEN MILE WALK HOME EVERY DAY FROM SCHOOL! BOY, I SURE DO MISS GRANDMA'S BROOM-STICK!

The END!



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.50



Greatest gag in years! Just place this gadget inside any tail pipe and watch the fun. The minute he starts to move the car, it sounds like the transmission fell out, the fuel pump broke, and the whole rear end caved in. It's a panic, but it's harmless fun.

8087

75c

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TREASURE CHEST OF FUN AND SURPRISES

FUN! LAUGHS! TRICKS! GALORE



ATOMIC SMOKE BOMB

Just light one and watch the column of thick, white smoke rise to the ceiling, mushrooming into a dense cloud, just like an A-Bomb.

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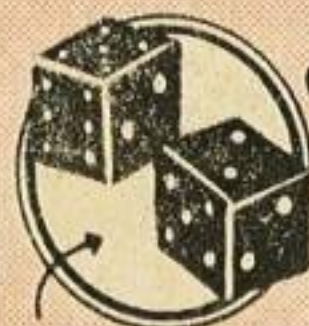
20c



The most popular joke novelty in years! Wind up and wear it like a ring. When you shake hands, it almost raises the victim off his feet with a "shocking sensation". Absolutely harmless.

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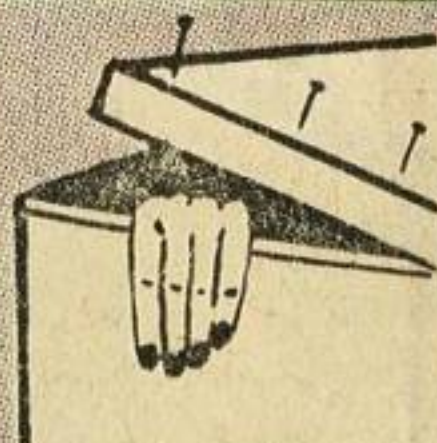
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THESE THROW 7-11 ONLY

You get TWO sets of dice. One set will throw 7 or 11 only. The other set are regular dice. Secretly exchanging the regular for the "trick" dice will enable you to always throw a 7 or 11. Sold only for amusement purposes.

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8079

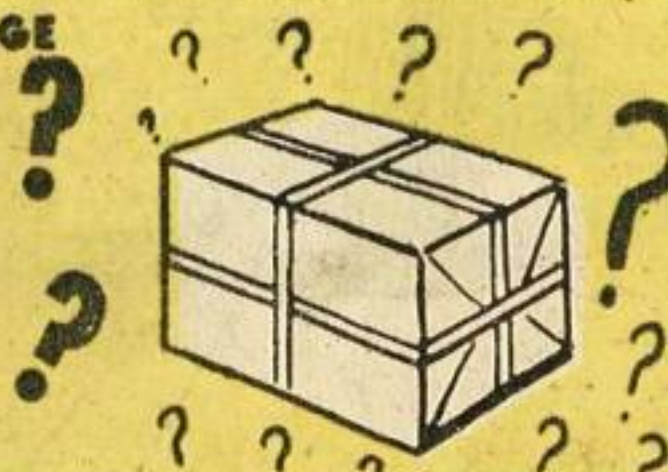
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SURPRISE PACKAGE

Are you willing to take a chance? We won't tell you what you get, but because you're willing to gamble, we'll give you more than your money's worth.

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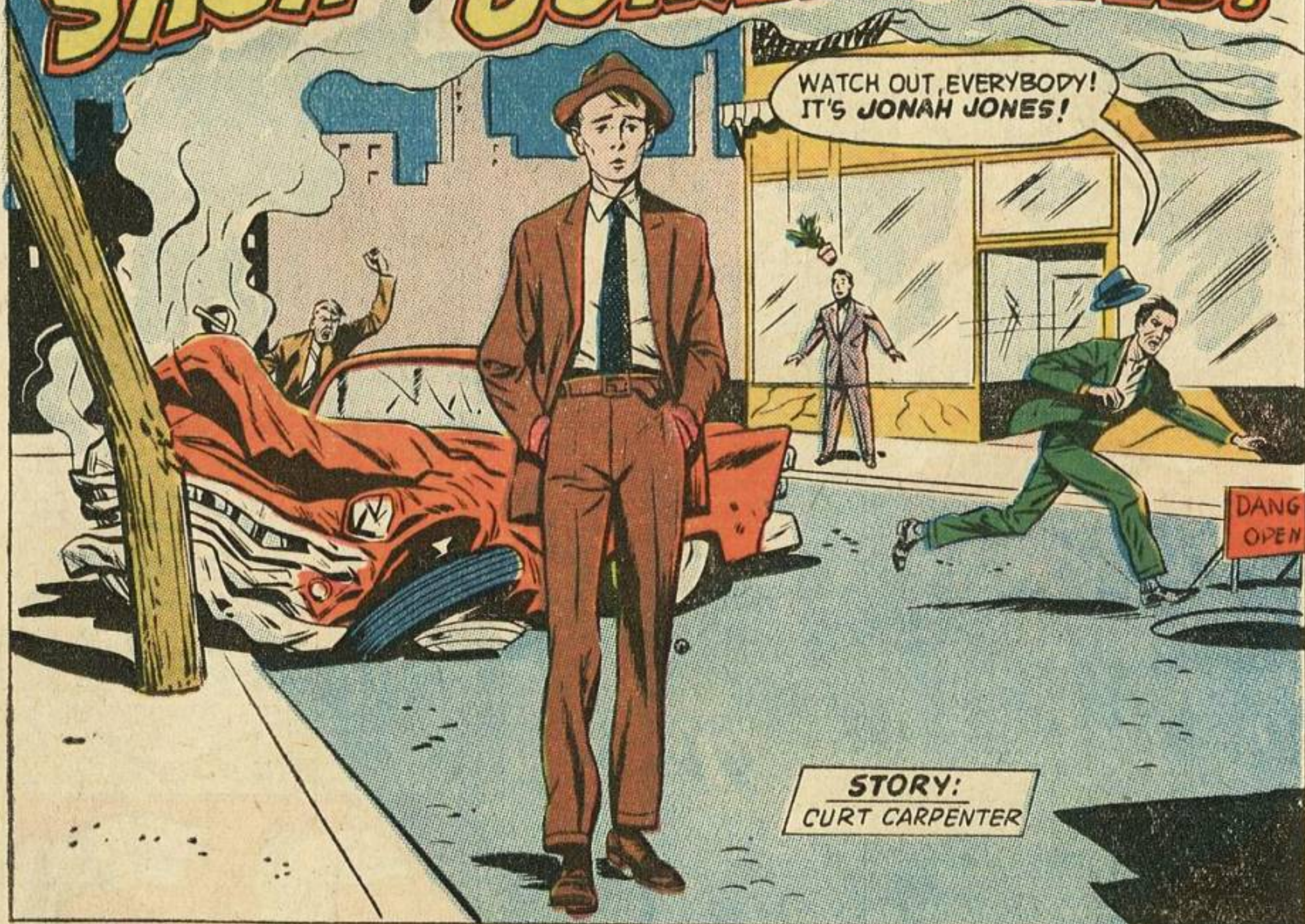
I enclose in full payment. The Honor House Products Corp. will pay postage. Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

EVER HIT ONE OF THOSE BAD DAYS, WHEN NOTHING SEEMS TO GO RIGHT, AND ONE MISFORTUNE FOLLOWS ANOTHER? THINK YOU HAD IT BAD? WAIT TILL YOU HEAR ABOUT THE MAN WHO SPENT A LIFETIME WITH CALAMITY! READ ON FOR --

The SAGA of JONAH JONES!



STORY:
CURT CARPENTER

FROM THE MOMENT HE CAME INTO THE WORLD, JONAH JONES BROUGHT TROUBLE IN HIS WAKE...

OF ALL THE FREAK ACCIDENTS! THAT FUSE BLEW AT EXACTLY THE SAME MOMENT THIS CHILD WAS BORN!



The WORLD SHOULD HAVE BEEN WARNED! AS LITTLE JONAH GREW UP, SOMETHING WAS ALWAYS HAPPENING IN HIS VICINITY... USUALLY AN ACCIDENT...

CONFOUND IT, WHO LEFT THOSE BLASTED BLOCKS LYING AROUND FOR ME TO FALL OVER?



BUT THOUGH CALAMITY STRUCK ALL ABOUT HIM, FATE RULED THAT JONAH WOULD HAVE A CHARMED LIFE!

THAT DRATTED KID! I WRECKED MY CAR TRYING TO AVOID HIM!



AS HE GREW OLDER, THE NEIGHBORS ACTED IN SELF-DEFENSE...

SINCE YOUR BOY'S BEEN AROUND THIS TOWN, WE'VE HAD A MILLION ACCIDENTS, THREE TORNADOES, TWO FLOODS, FOUR EPIDEMICS AND A FIVE ALARM FIRE! WE'VE SUFFERED ENOUGH!

WE'VE RAISED A SPECIAL FUND TO BUY YOUR HOUSE AND PAY YOUR RAILROAD FARE! TAKE THE NEXT TRAIN OUT OF TOWN... **OR ELSE!**



SOMEHOW, YOUNG JONAH MANAGED TO EVADE THE VENGEANCE OF HIS NEIGHBORS... BUT AS HE REACHED MANHOOD, HIS UNLUCKY STAR SHOWN BRIGHTER THAN EVER...

YESSIR, HOW MANY?

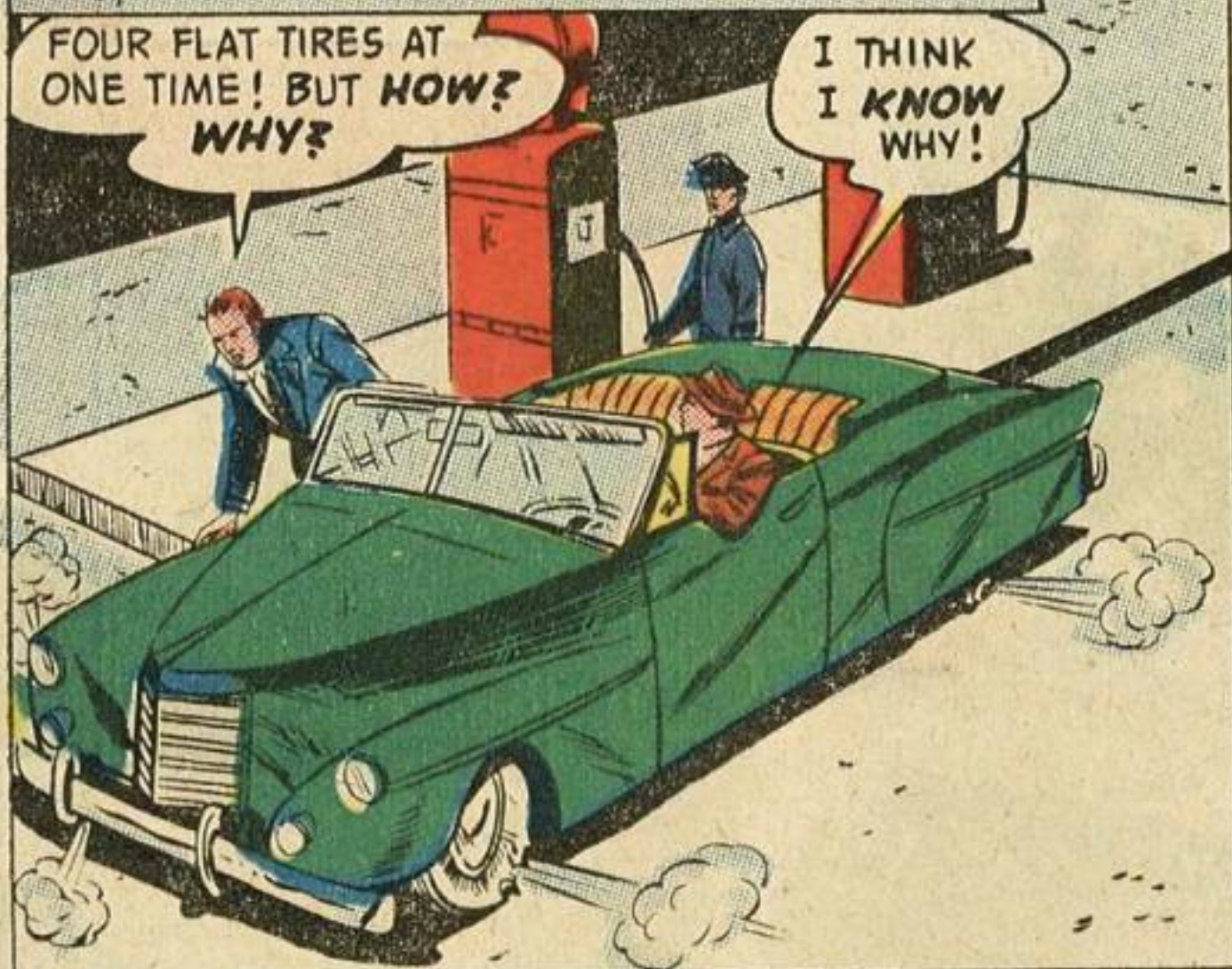
FILL HER UP, SON!



YES, CALAMITY WAS STILL HIS CONSTANT COMPANION...

FOUR FLAT TIRES AT ONE TIME! BUT HOW? WHY?

I THINK I KNOW WHY!



LOOK WHO WAS SERVING US... **JONAH JONES!**

WE'D BETTER LEAVE THE CAR HERE AND WALK! IT'S SAFER!



THEN THERE WAS THE TIME HE GOT A JOB AS TOLL COLLECTOR ON THE NEW BRIDGE...

THANK YOU SIR, AND HAPPY MOTORING!



BUT AS THE FIRST CAR PREPARED TO CROSS, SUDDENLY...

THE **BRIDGE!** IT'S VIBRATING LIKE A PLUCKED STRING! IT'S GOING TO---



NO ONE COULD EXPLAIN THE SUDDEN COLLAPSE OF THE BRIDGE---UNTIL AN INSURANCE INVESTIGATOR ARRIVED---

THERE'S YOUR ANSWER---THAT MAN **JONAH JONES!** HE'S THE MOST DEADLY "ACCIDENT PRONE" IN THE COUNTRY!

ACCIDENT PRONE? WH-WHAT'S **THAT?**



LET ME EXPLAIN! IN THE OLD DAYS, THEY'D SAY YOU WERE CURSED BY A BAD FAIRY! BUT NOWADAYS, WE'D JUST CALL YOU A **JINX** AND A **HOODOO!** BELIEVE ME, IT'S LUCKY THE FOLKS WHO WENT OFF THE BRIDGE IN THAT CAR WERE RESCUED!



TRAILED AND HOUNDED BY INSURANCE COMPANIES, POOR JONAH FOUND IT HARD TO GET A JOB---UNTIL ONE DAY---

WELL, THERE'S ONE **TROUBLE** NOBODY CAN BLAME ON **ME!**

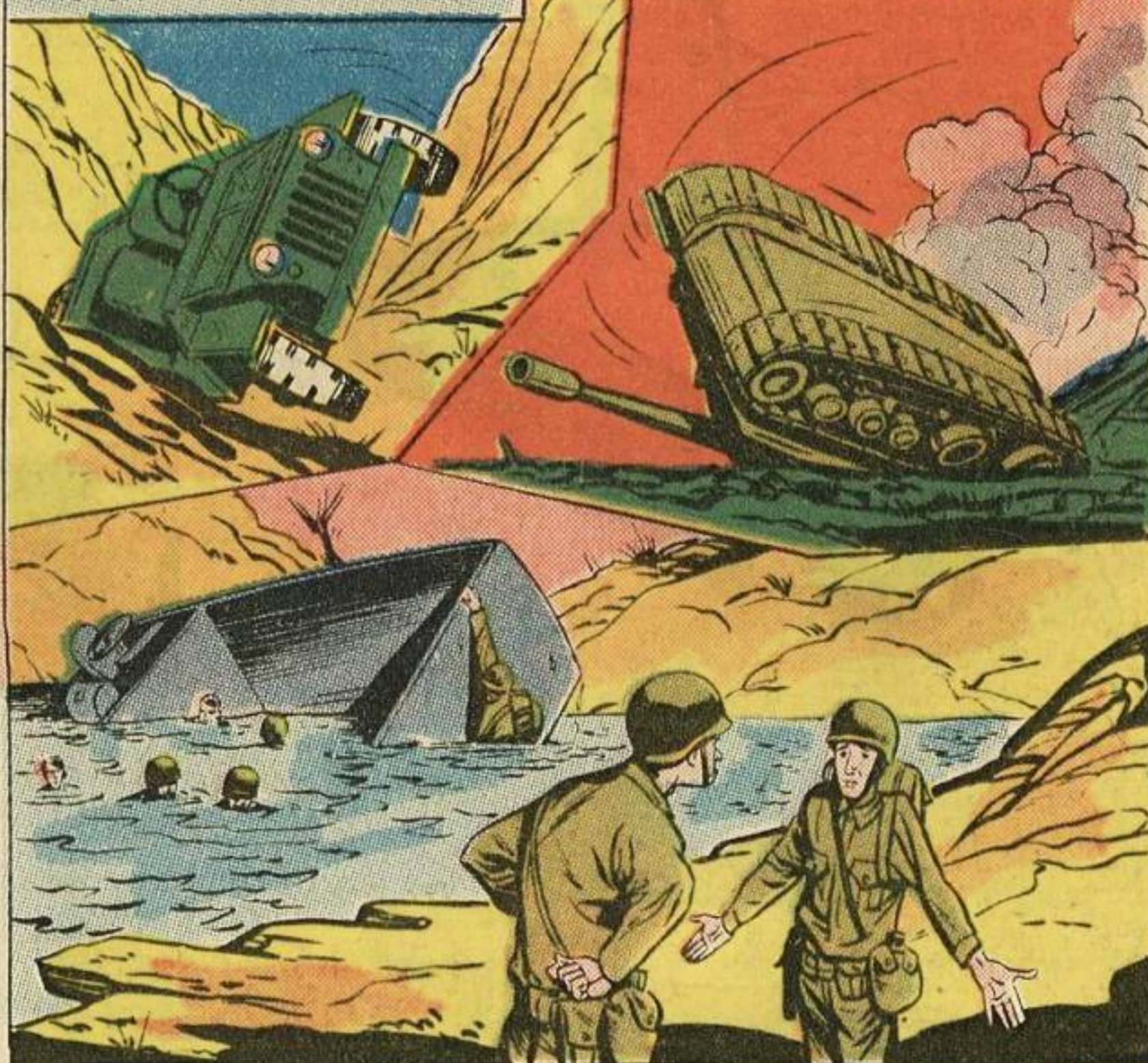


BUT WHEN JONAH TRIED TO EXPLAIN THE FLOOD OF ACCIDENTS TO HIS COMMANDING OFFICER---

SO YOU WANT A DISCHARGE BECAUSE YOU'RE A **HOODOO!** WELL, THAT'S THE **PHONIEST** REASON I EVER HEARD FOR TRYING TO GET OUT OF THE SERVICE!



JONAH WAS DRAFTED---AND OF COURSE, HIS ARMY CAREER WAS ONE MISFORTUNE AFTER ANOTHER---

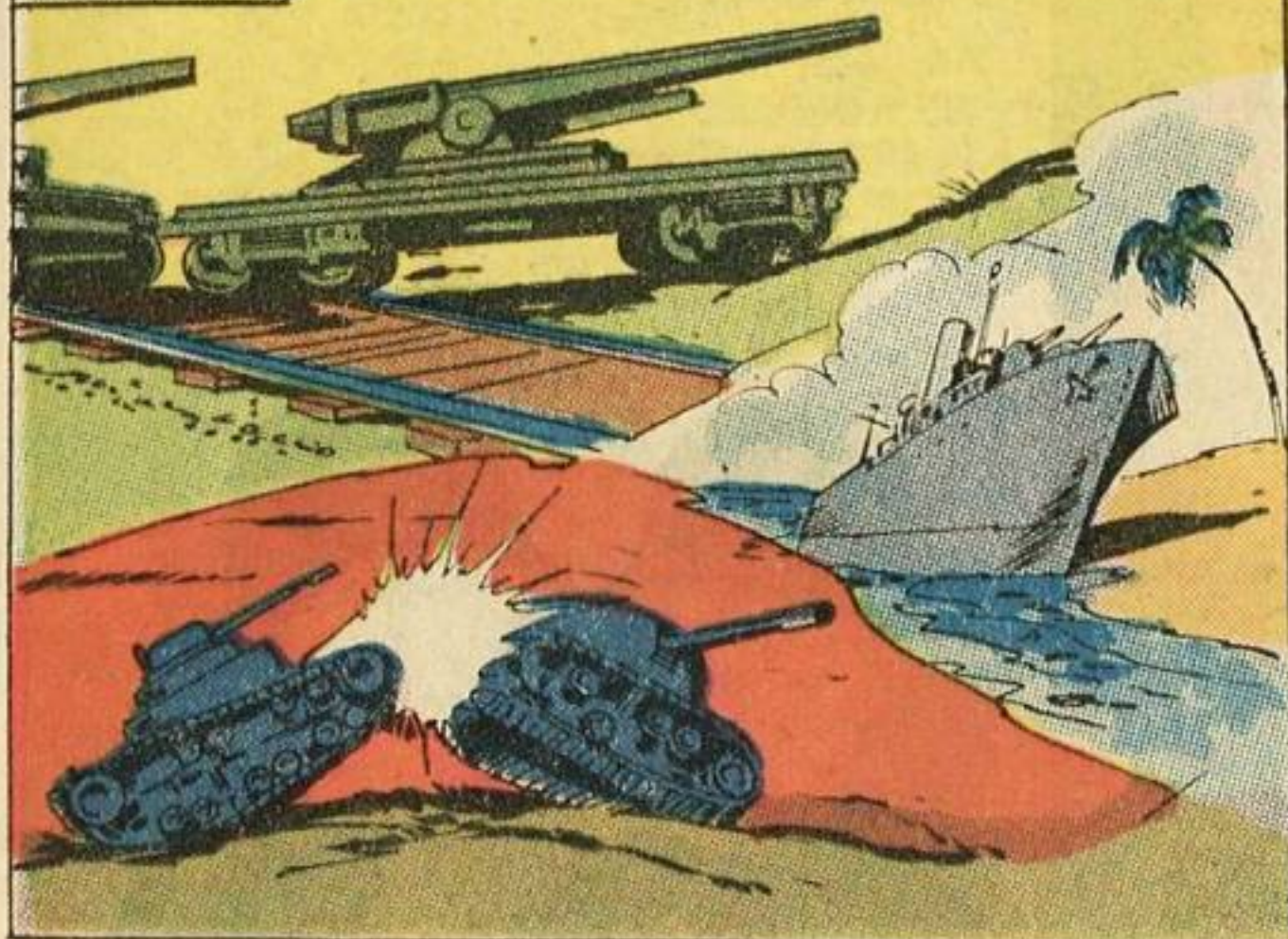


JONES, YOUR COUNTRY IS AT **WAR!** WE NEED MEN TO FIGHT FOR THE FLAG! YOU'RE GOING TO STAY IN THE ARMY AND **LIKE** IT, UNDERSTAND?

YESSIR! YOU'LL BE SOR-RY!



WHAT HAPPENED COULD HAVE BEEN PREDICTED! FROM THE MOMENT JONAH LANDED IN EUROPE, THERE WAS TROUBLE---



IT WAS FANTASTIC! NOBODY IN THE HIGH COMMAND COULD FIGURE IT OUT--UNTIL A JUNIOR MEMBER OF THE GENERAL STAFF SPOKE UP...

I WORKED FOR AN INSURANCE COMPANY BEFORE THE WAR! SO WHEN I FOUND **JONAH JONES** LISTED ON THE ARMY PAYROLL, I KNEW I HAD THE ANSWER!

NOW HOLD ON! THIS IS THE TWENTIETH CENTURY--WAR IS A SCIENCE! YOU CAN'T TELL ME A MODERN ARMY LIKE OURS CAN BE HELD BACK BY A---A **JINX!**



GENTLEMEN, YOU **MUST** BELIEVE ME! WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF JONAH JONES IF WE'RE TO WIN THIS WAR PROMPTLY!

YOU'RE RIGHT--WE CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE CHANCES! ARRANGE TO HAVE THIS JONES CHARACTER **DIS-CHARGED AT ONCE!**

BUT FATE HAD ONE LAST TRICK TO PLAY ON THE ARMY! FOR THE VERY NEXT DAY--ON THE WESTERN FRONT--

HALF A BATTALION CAPTURED BY THE ENEMY--AND ALL BECAUSE **ONE MAN** GOT HIS SIGNALS **CROSSED!**

AND THAT SOLDIER HAD TO BE **ME, JONAH JONES!**



AND THAT'S WHERE THE **ENEMY** MADE HIS MISTAKE! WHEN JONAH AND HIS BUDDIES WERE PARADED THROUGH BERLIN IN TRIUMPH--DISASTER STRUCK AT THE ENEMY HIGH COMMAND--

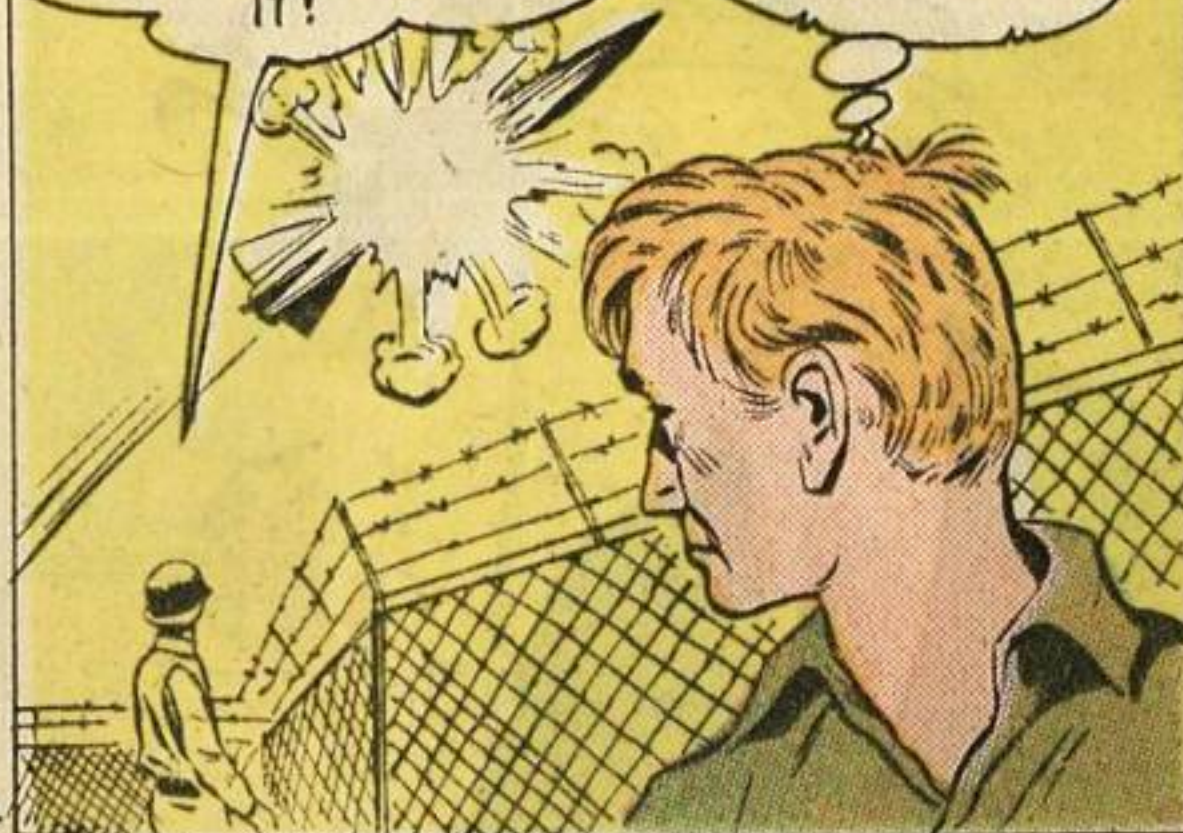
ACH! DER FUEHRER--THAT BOMB NEARLY KILLED HIM!



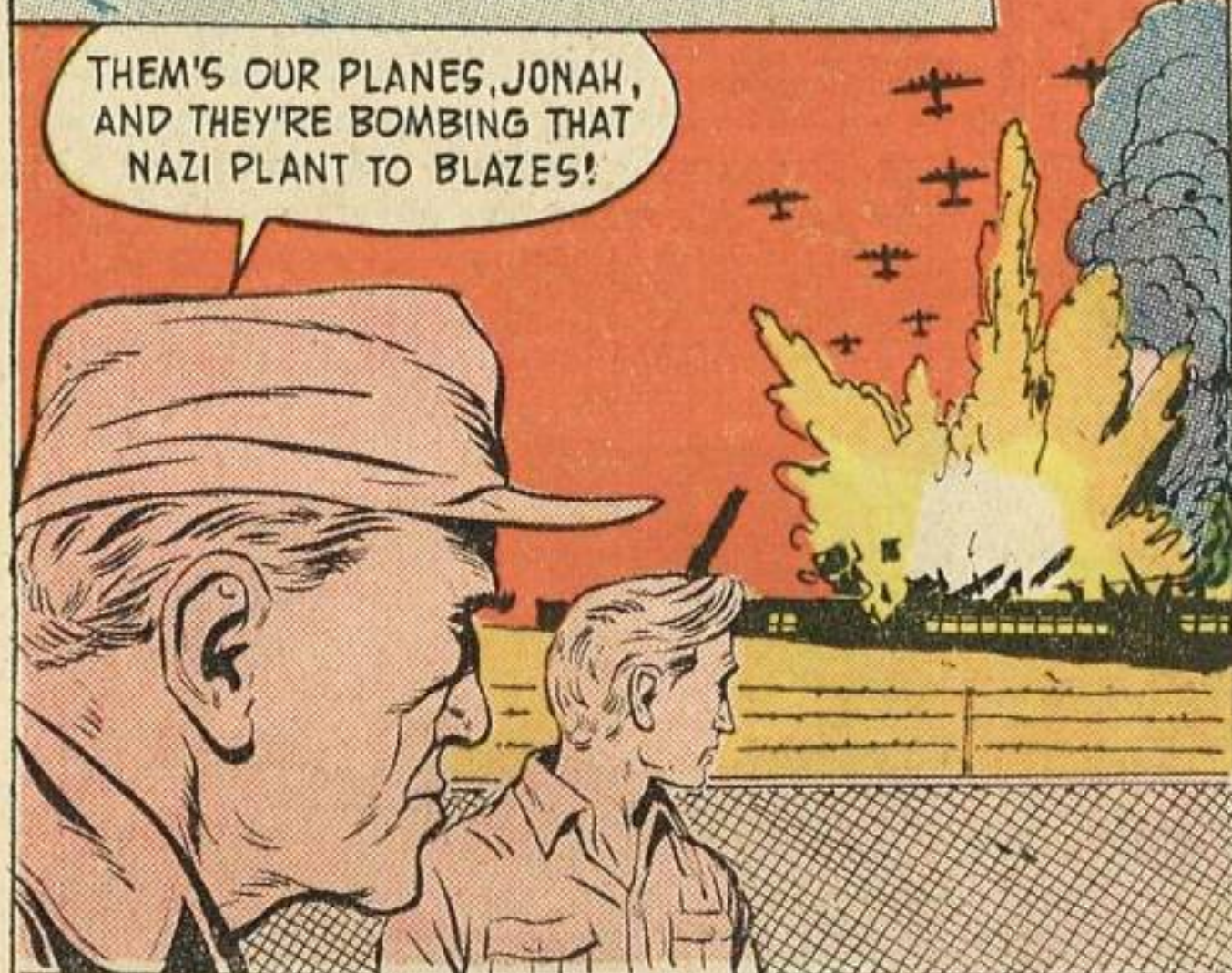
AND WHEN JONAH WAS DETAILED TO LABOR AT A ROCKET LAUNCHING SITE--

ROCKET AFTER ROCKET EXPLODING IN MIDAIR! I CAN'T **UNDERSTAND** IT!

I **COULD** TELL HIM, BUT HE'D NEVER BELIEVE ME!



THE FINAL BLOW CAME THE DAY JONAH ARRIVED AT A P.O.W. CAMP NEAR A HEAVILY-CAMOUFLAGED FACTORY---



WHEN JONAH WAS SENT TO HELP CLEAN UP THE RUBBLE, HE GOT THE INSIDE STORY!

FOR THREE YEARS WE WORKED AND SLAVED---AND JUST AS WE WERE ABOUT TO COMPLETE PLANS FOR OUR SECRET WEAPON, AN ATOM BOMB --- THE ENEMY PLANES WIPE US OUT!

IT FIGURES!



NOT EVEN SUPERMEN COULD TAKE THAT KIND OF PUNISHMENT FOR LONG! SOON THEY WERE EAGER TO SIGN PEACE---AT ANY PRICE! OF COURSE, THE HISTORY BOOKS TELL US IT WAS THE MILITARY MASTERMINDS WHO WERE THE ARCHITECTS OF VICTORY! BUT YOU AND I KNOW WHO REALLY WON THE WAR!



FATE IS KINDER TO JONAH SINCE THEN! YOU SEE, HE MARRIED EFFIE---A GOOD LUCK PRONE!

MRS. EFFIE JONES? THIS IS STATION KTY! YOU'VE JUST WON TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS ON OUR POT OF GOLD PROGRAM!

MY, MY, AND I NEVER EVEN ENTERED THE CONTEST!



OF COURSE, CALAMITY IS ALWAYS FOLLOWING JONAH WHEREVER HE GOES---

OH NO, NOT AGAIN!



BUT THEN EFFIE ALWAYS SHOWS UP JUST IN TIME TO EVEN THINGS OUT!

IT'S ABOUT TIME THE LAW OF AVERAGES BEGAN TO WORK FOR ME---THANK GOODNESS!



THE END!

DOWN, DOWN, DOWN HE PLUNGED---DRAGGED INTO THE UNPLUMBED DEPTHS OF THE SEA BY THE TITANIC FORCE OF A GIANT WHIRLPOOL! BUT EVEN AS ERIC HOLM SAW THE GRIM VISAGE OF DEATH, HE UNCOVERED THE INCREDIBLE SECRET OF---

The MAELSTROM!



STORY:
PIERCE RAND
ART:
JOHN R.

ON THE VILLAGE WHARF AT TRUNDHEIM, HELGA PLEADED VAINLY WITH ERIC, HER BETROTHED---

ERIC, THERE ARE ONLY TWO DAYS LEFT UNTIL OUR WEDDING! YOU MUST NOT GO ON THIS VOYAGE...I **KNOW** SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN! I **FEEL** IT!

COME NOW, HELGA! IT'S NOT ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR **PREMONITIONS** AGAIN!

THE VILLAGERS WATCHED WITH ANXIOUS EYES, FOR HELGA AND ERIC HAD BEEN CHILDHOOD SWEET-HEARTS---

IT WAS A **DREAM**. ERIC! I SAW THREE RAVENS FOLLOWING IN THE WAKE OF YOUR BOAT! THREE RAVENS... A SIGN OF **DEATH**!

YOU MEAN A SIGN OF THREE HUNGRY SCAVENGERS LOOKING FOR A MEAL OF FISH HEADS!

ERIC, DON'T MAKE SPORT OF ME! AT LEAST, TAKE THIS **SILVER AMULET** WITH YOU---IT'S A GOOD LUCK CHARM THAT'S BEEN IN MY FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS!

VERY WELL, MY LITTLE HELGA! I'LL TAKE IT, IF ONLY TO CALM YOUR FEARS!



AS HELGA LEFT IN TEARS, THE OLDER FISHERMEN SURROUNDED ERIC...



ERIC, YOU'RE A FOOL NOT TO TAKE THAT GIRL'S WARNING! EVERYONE KNOWS SHE HAS THE GIFT OF **SECOND SIGHT!**

AYE, IT'S TRUE! HELGA COMES FROM A STRANGE BROOD... ALL THE WOMEN OF HER FAMILY WERE **SPAE-WIVES!**

SPAE-WIVES, INDEED! DON'T TELL ME YOU MEN **BELIEVE** IN THOSE OLD GRANDMOTHER TALES!

YOU MAY CALL THEM TALES, BUT THE OLD VIKINGS ALL HAD **SPAE-WIVES** ON THEIR SHIPS... WOMEN WITH THE GIFT OF PROPHECY, WHO COULD GUIDE A SHIP THROUGH FOG AND STORM! AND CALL UP GOOD WIND AND WEATHER!



ERIC HAD ALWAYS SCORNE THE STRANGE BELIEFS OF HIS PEOPLE! EVEN AS HE HEADED DOWN THE FJORD AND OUT TO SEA, HE RIDICULED THE OLD SUPERSTITIONS...

BUT AS ERIC HOLM HEADED OUTWARD...



YOU CAN **KEEP** YOUR **SPAE-WIVES**! A SOUND VESSEL AND A STRONG HAND AT THE WHEEL... THAT'S ALL IT TAKES TO BRING A MAN HOME SAFELY FROM THE SEA!

LOOK THERE! THREE RAVENS... FOLLOWING THE WAKE OF ERIC'S BOAT!

THE SIGN OF **DEATH** THAT HELGA FORETOLD! MAY HEAVEN PROTECT HIM!



UNAWARE OF THE WEIRD PORTENT OF EVIL THAT FOLLOWED HIM, ERIC DREAMED OF THE FUTURE...

BUT FROM THE START OF THE VOYAGE, LUCK WAS POOR...

TIME WAS RUNNING SHORT... SOON HE WOULD HAVE TO HEAD FOR HOME! ERIC DECIDED TO TAKE ONE LAST GAMBLE...



ONE GOOD CATCH AND THEN I'LL RETURN HOME TO HELGA! ... AFTER WE'RE MARRIED, I'LL HAVE TO **DO** SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE CHILDISH SUPERSTITIONS OF HERS!



ANOTHER WORTHLESS HAUL! I'LL HAVE TO MOVE ON TO SOME OTHER FISHING GROUNDS!



THERE'S ONE GOOD SPOT I'VE HEARD OF... THE CHANNEL BETWEEN THE DARK ISLANDS! IT SWARMS WITH FISH... BUT NO ONE EVER CASTS A NET THERE, BECAUSE THEY SAY IT'S TOO **DANGEROUS!**

NO, NO FISHERMAN DARED APPROACH THAT CHANNEL, FOR HERE THE SWIFT TIDES AND SURGING WATERS HAD BRED THE MOST FEARFUL PHENOMENON OF THE SEAS... A GIANT WHIRLPOOL CALLED **THE MAELSTROM!**



A HUNDRED SHIPS HAD BEEN DRAGGED DOWN INTO THE GAPING MAW OF THAT MONSTROUS WHIRLPOOL! BUT THE DARING YOUNG ERIC FISHED ITS BORDERS UNAFRAID...



AND THEN SUDDENLY, ALMOST BEFORE HE KNEW IT, THE SWIRLING WATER HAD TRAPPED ERIC'S VESSEL!



AS HE WAS DRAGGED DOWNWARD, HE CLUTCHED THE AMULET AT HIS THROAT... HIS LAST EARTHLY THOUGHTS WERE OF THE GIRL HE LOVED...



AND THEN SUDDENLY, INCREDIBLY, HE FELT HIMSELF LIFTED, BORNE UPWARD, AS IF BY AN IRRESISTIBLE FORCE...



IN THAT MAD, FEARFUL WORLD OF GREEN DEATH, ERIC OPENED HIS EYES AND...



HIS BRAIN STILL SPINNING, HE WAS VAGUELY AWARE THAT SHE WAS DRAGGING HIM TOWARD A STRANGE CRAFT IN SHELTERED WATER NEARBY...



PUZZLED, ERIC ALLOWED HIMSELF TO BE HAULED ABOARD THE VIKING SHIP! AND THEN SUDDENLY HE REELED BACKWARD, HIS MIND NUMBED AT WHAT HE SAW---



ERIC! WHEN YOU FELL OVERBOARD INTO THE MAELSTROM, WE THOUGHT WE HAD LOST OUR LEADER!

IT'S **UNBELIEVABLE!** THESE PEOPLE ALL AROUND ME---THEY'RE DRESSED IN VIKING GARMENTS ... **AND SO AM I!**

AS THEY GREETED HIM EFFUSIVELY, HE TRIED TO MAKE SENSE OF IT ALL---



IF NOT FOR HELGA HERE, YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN GONE! ONLY **SHE** HAD THE COURAGE TO PLUNGE INTO THE MAELSTROM TO RESCUE YOU!

I WAS **GLAD** TO RISK MY LIFE FOR THE MAN I LOVE!

SUDDENLY, ERIC'S CONFUSION BEGAN TO FADE! SOMEHOW, THERE WAS A REALITY ABOUT ALL THIS---A REALITY THAT HE HAD LIVED THROUGH ONCE--- IN ANOTHER TIME AND ANOTHER PLACE---



NO, IT'S **NOT** A DREAM! SOMEHOW I'VE CROSSED SOME HIDDEN THRESHOLD IN TIME! AND NOW I'M LIVING IN THE DAYS OF THE **VIKINGS!**

YES, BY SOME UNFATHOMABLE INTUITION, ERIC KNEW THAT HE BELONGED HERE IN THIS VANISHED TIME--- A VIKING AMONG VIKINGS---



YOU SHOULD HAVE **LISTENED** TO HELGA WHEN SHE WARNED YOU NOT TO SAIL BETWEEN THE DARK ISLANDS! OF WHAT USE IS IT TO HAVE A SPAE-WIFE ABOARD IF YOU WILL NOT LISTEN TO HER?

SPAE-WIFE? HELGA?

ABRUPTLY, HIS OLD IMPATIENCE WITH SUPERSTITIONS ROSE TO THE SURFACE---



SPARE ME YOUR CHILDISH TALK OF SPAE-WIVES! WE ARE NORSEMEN, BORN TO THE SEA---AND WE NEED NO SORCERESS TO GUIDE AND ADVISE US!

AYE, ERIC, YOU NEVER DID BELIEVE IN HELGA'S POWERS! BUT IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER FOR US IF YOU **HAD** LISTENED TO HER!

EVER SINCE WE BEGAN THIS VOYAGE, WE'VE HAD NOTHING BUT BAD LUCK, STORMS, FOG AND ILL WINDS--- AND ALL BECAUSE YOU WILL NOT LISTEN TO HELGA!

ENOUGH OF THIS BABBLING OF BAD LUCK AND SORCERY! GO BACK TO YOUR OARS! OUR VOYAGE IS NOT YET OVER---OUR LUCK WILL TURN!

HE WAS THE LEADER ABOARD THIS VIKING CRAFT... HE COULD TELL THIS BY THE WAY THE OTHERS TOOK HIS ORDERS! BUT STANDING AT THE HELM, HE WAS PUZZLED ABOUT WHICH WAY TO GUIDE THE SHIP...AND THEN HELGA WAS AT HIS SIDE...

ERIC, IF YOU WOULD BUT LISTEN TO ME... IF YOU WOULD ONLY BE GUIDED BY MY POWERS!

VERY WELL, HELGA, I'LL TRY **YOUR** WAY... FOR A FEW DAYS, ANYHOW! AFTER ALL, YOUR POWERS **DID** SAVE ME FROM THE MAELSTROM!



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, AS HELGA GUIDED THE SHIP, THE VIKING EXPEDITION KNEW A SWIFT CHANGE OF FORTUNE! TIME AND AGAIN SHE GUIDED THEM SAFELY THROUGH STORM AND MIST...



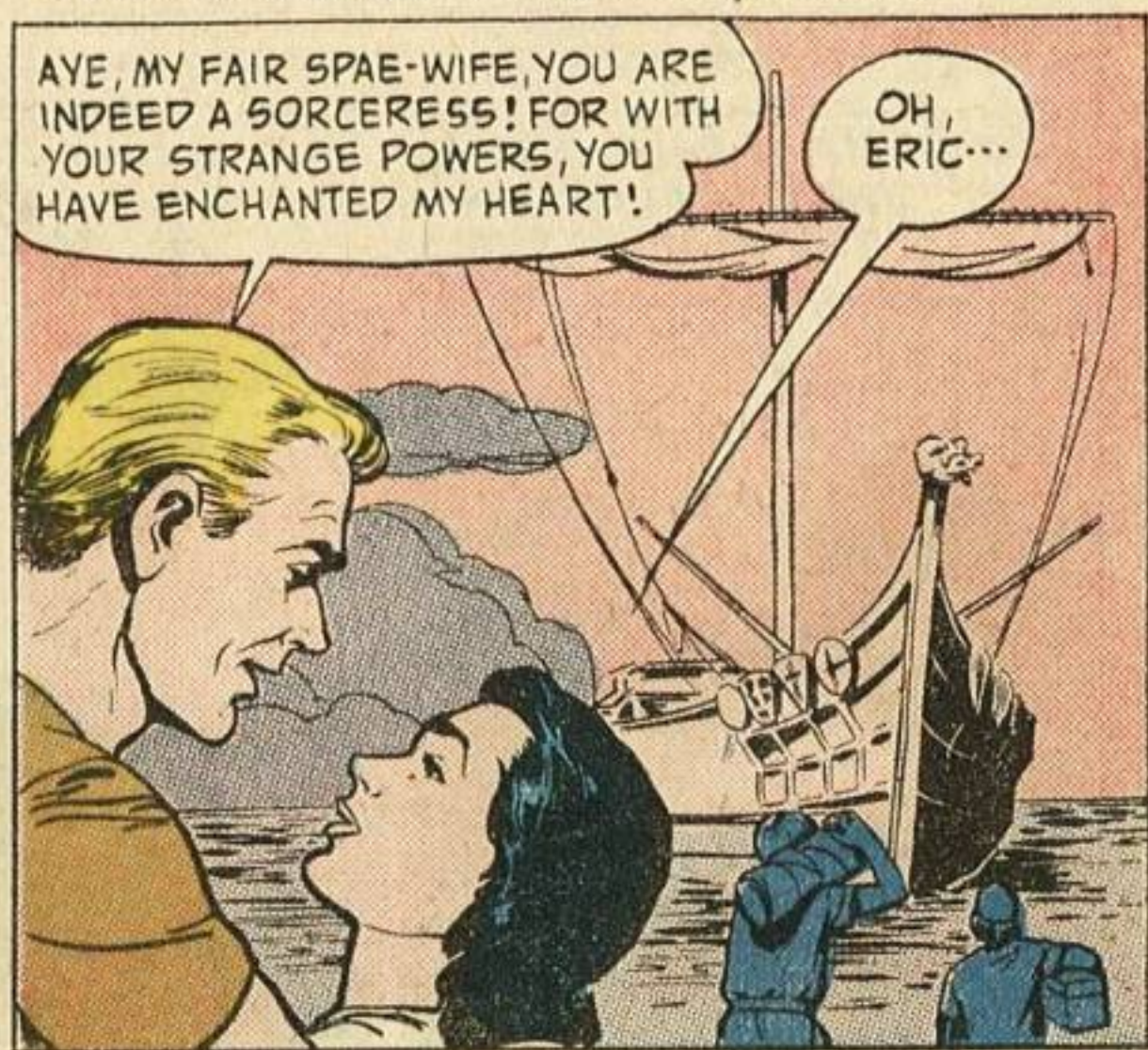
...AND LED THEM STRAIGHT TO VALUABLE HUNTING!



AND WHEN AT LAST THE VOYAGE WAS OVER...

AYE, MY FAIR SPAE-WIFE, YOU ARE INDEED A SORCERESS! FOR WITH YOUR STRANGE POWERS, YOU HAVE ENCHANTED MY HEART!

OH, ERIC...



They PLANNED TO WED! BUT A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE MARRIAGE FEAST, HE KNEW A STRANGE URGE TO GO TO SEA ONCE MORE...

ERIC, NO! YOU MUST NOT SAIL ON THIS VOYAGE! LAST NIGHT, I HAD A DREAM...A WARNING OF DANGER...

IN SPITE OF HER TEARFUL PLEAS, HE WAS OBSTINATE! THEN, AT LAST...

AT LEAST WEAR THIS **GOLDEN AMULET** ABOUT YOUR NECK! IT WILL BRING YOU SAFETY IN TIME OF DANGER!

VERY WELL, HELGA, IF IT PLEASES YOU I WILL WEAR IT!

BUT AS THE VIKING SHIP SET SAIL, ERIC FELT AN OLD, HALF-FORGOTTEN MEMORY STIR...

THIS AMULET...IT SEEMS TO ME I HAVE SEEN SOMETHING LIKE THIS **BEFORE**...

ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR PROPHETIC VISIONS, MY DEAREST HELGA? DO NOT FEAR! I WILL BE BACK BY THE WEEK'S END WITH MY SHIP CARRYING ENOUGH FURS AND IVORY TO FURNISH THE GREAT HALL I WILL BUILD FOR YOU!



BUT FROM THE VERY BEGINNING, THE VOYAGE WAS UNLUCKY! AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE SHIP WAS CAUGHT IN DENSE FOG! SOMEHOW, THE PLENTIFUL HERDS OF SEAL AND WALRUS VANISHED AS HIS VESSEL APPROACHED...



WE MADE A MISTAKE BY LEAVING **HELGA** AT HOME! A GOOD SPAE-WIFE WOULD HAVE BROUGHT US A LUCKY VOYAGE!

AS THE DAYS PASSED, ERIC TOOK EVER GREATER RISKS IN HIS HUNT! HIS OARSMEN GREW FEARFUL...

BUT WE CANNOT SAIL PAST THE DARK ISLANDS! IT IS CERTAIN DEATH TO TEMPT THE POWERS OF THE **MAELSTROM**!

THAT CHANNEL IS THE SHORTEST PATH TO THE SEAL BREEDING GROUNDS! I WILL NOT LET YOUR CHILDISH FEARS STOP ME!



BUT AS THE SHIP SKIRTED THE WHIRLPOOL, THE MIGHTY FORCE OF THE CURRENTS GRIPPED HER FAST...



THE **MAELSTROM**! WE'RE CAUGHT IN THE **MAELSTROM**!

ERIC CLUNG TO THE HELM, BUT THE AWFUL POWER OF THE WHIRLING SEA WAS TOO MUCH! SUDDENLY, THE STEERING OAR WAS TORN FROM HIS HANDS, AND...



EEYAH!

HE PLUNGED DOWNWARD, SEIZING THE AMULET AT HIS THROAT...



HELGA, HELGA!

YES, SOMEHOW IN THAT MOMENT OF AWFUL DANGER, SOME STRANGE INSTINCT, SOME OBSCURE MEMORY MADE HIM CALL UPON THE POWERS OF THE ONE HE LOVED...



HELGA... COME TO ME! I NEED YOU!

AND THEN SUDDENLY, INCREDIBLY, HIS DESCENT WAS HALTED! AND ABRUPTLY, ERIC FELT HIMSELF RISING TOWARD THE SURFACE AS IF BY AN IRRESISTIBLE FORCE!



NOT UNTIL HE REACHED THE SURFACE WAS HE AWARE OF THE LITHE FIGURE AT HIS SIDE...



HELGA! WHERE DID SHE COME FROM? HOW COULD SHE HAVE SAVED ME?

MOMENTS LATER, HE WAS LIFTED FROM THE SEA AND ONTO A DECK! BUT NOW, INCREDIBLY, IT WAS NO LONGER THE DECK OF THE VIKING SHIP HE HAD KNOWN...



ERIC! OH, ERIC! THANK HEAVENS HE'S BREATHING!

IT WAS THEN THAT AWARENESS SWEEPED OVER ERIC! SOMEHOW NOW HE WAS BACK IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY...



HELGA, MY BELOVED... I CALLED AND YOU CAME! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW?

I HAD A PREMONITION... A WARNING OF DANGER... REMEMBER? WE FOLLOWED YOU... AND ARRIVED IN TIME TO SAVE YOU FROM THE MAEL-STROM!

THREE RAVENS... WE SAW THEM FOLLOWING YOUR CRAFT, ERIC! JUST AS HELGA HAD DREAMED!

YOU LAUGHED AT HER WARNING, BUT WE OLD ONES... WE KNEW BETTER THAN TO SCORN THE SIGNS AND OMENS!



YES, ERIC HAD LAUGHED ONCE, BUT NOW HE LAUGHED NO MORE...

HELGA, DOWN THERE IN THE MAEL-STROM, IN THOSE DREADFUL MOMENTS, I TOO HAD A DREAM! I WAS LIVING IN THE WORLD OF THE PAST! YOU WERE THERE WITH ME, AND YOU GAVE ME THIS AMULET FOR GOOD LUCK!

ERIC, THAT WAS MORE THAN A DREAM!



THE AMULET I GAVE YOU WAS MADE OF SILVER! THIS ONE IS GOLD!

I... I GUESS THERE ARE MYSTERIES IN THIS WORLD WE CAN NEVER HOPE TO UNDERSTAND!

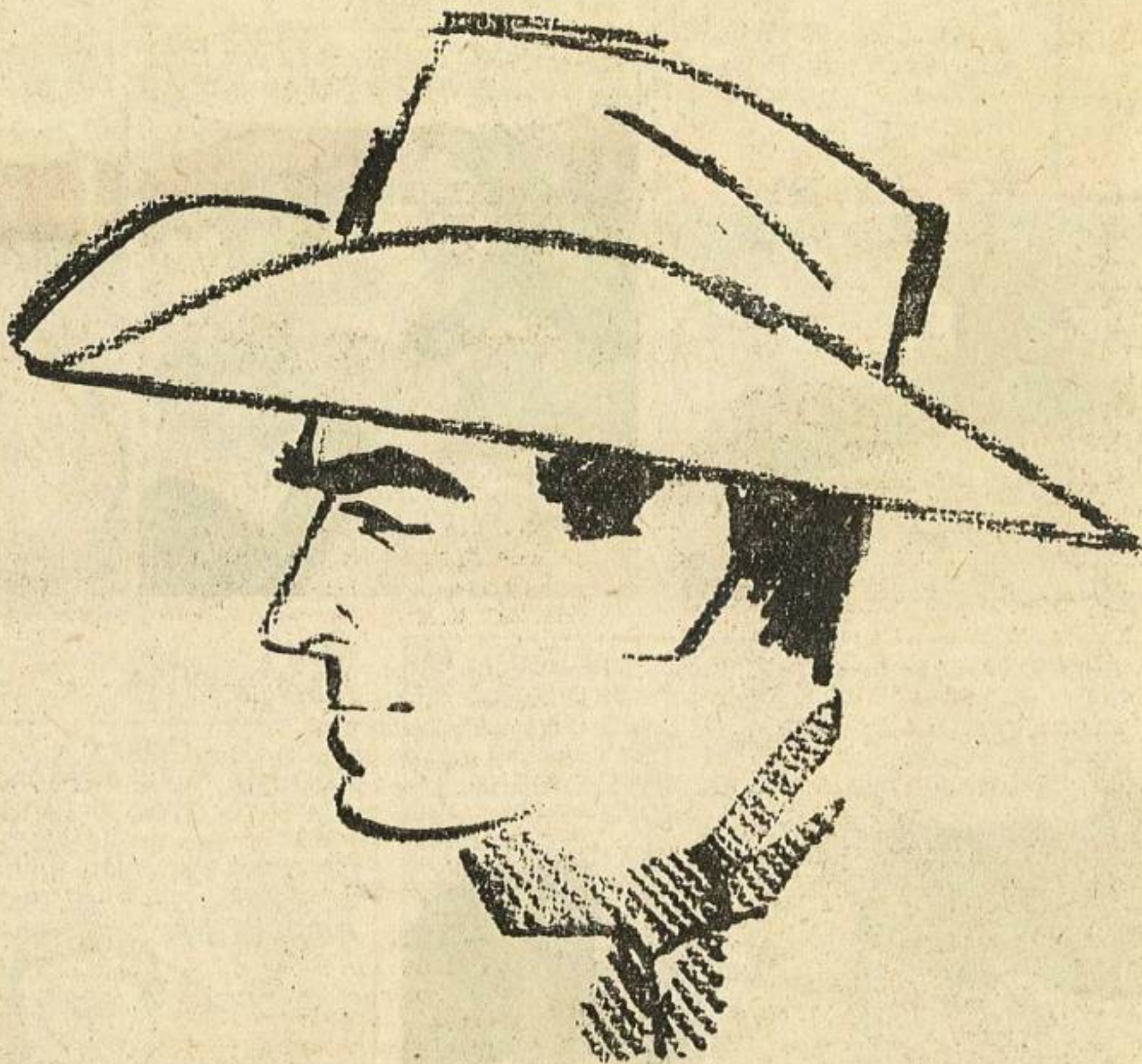


THAT OTHER ERIC AND HIS HELGA... I KNOW NOW THAT THEY FOUND THEIR HAPPINESS AT LAST!

AS WE WILL, MY DEAREST ONE!



THE END



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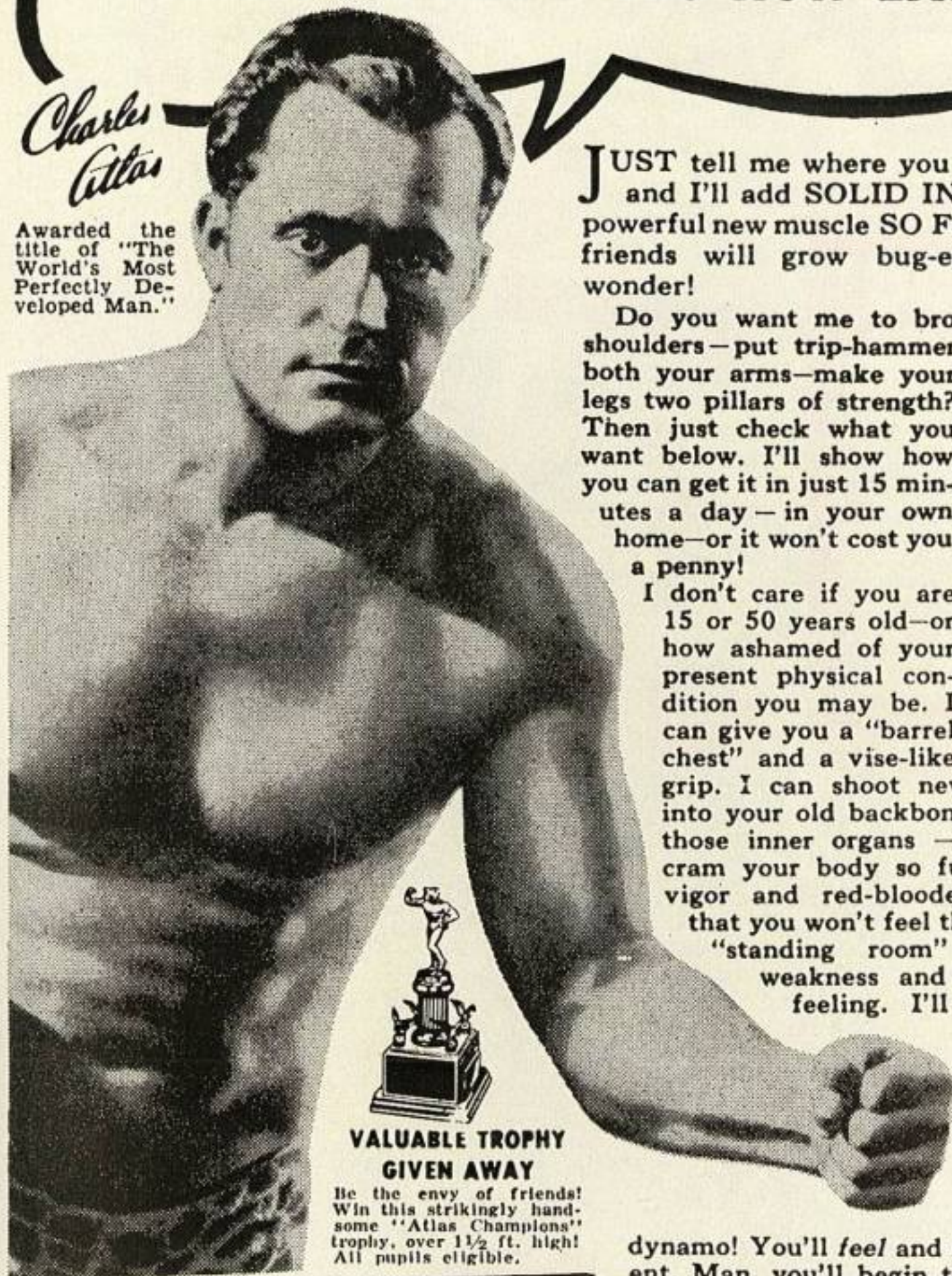
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